

LION

AFRICAN ADVENTURE
with the KING OF BEASTS

MARTIN JOHNSON

Gift of The People of the United States
Through the Victory Book Campaign
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. C.)
To the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine

WINGATE JUNIOR COLLEGE

LION

AFRICAN ADVENTURE WITH THE
KING OF BEASTS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation



OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

He was a beautiful beast; very dark tawny, with a mane that was almost black in places and gray in others. His face was old and wise and kind—or as kind as a lion's face can be. For no matter how benevolent a lion may seem, there is always a slight tinge of cruelty in his deep-set eyes.

LION

AFRICAN ADVENTURE WITH THE KING OF BEASTS

By
MARTIN JOHNSON

Author of "Safari"



Illustrated

WINGATE JUNIOR COLLEGE

BLUE RIBBON BOOKS
New York

206
16.7

LION



Copyright, 1929

by

Martin Johnson

First Impression, March, 1929
Second Impression, March, 1929
Third Impression, March, 1929
Fourth Impression, September, 1931
Fifth Impression, September, 1931

Printed in the United States of America

Printed by the Cornwall Press, Inc.
Cornwall, N. Y.

TO
OSA, MY WIFE,
WHO HOLDS THE GUN
AND TO MY DAD FROM WHOM
I INHERITED THE LOVE
OF ADVENTURE

*All photographs reproduced in this book are by
Martin Johnson and are copyrighted by the
American Museum of Natural History.*

FOREWORD

WHERE Bukari speaks broken English, I set down his assertions exactly as he would talk to us. But it must be understood that he is talking in this manner only for our benefit; for Bukari speaks grammatical Swahili, while we don't.

There are two Swahilis spoken: that of Zanzibar, which is used by all high-class natives; and the broken Swahili of the porters on safari, all those thousands of wanderers from the four corners of Africa that make Nairobi a center.

We speak the Swahili of the safari; and Bukari speaks our Swahili to us, for he knows that should he speak Zanzibar Swahili, we would have difficulty in understanding him.

Some of the spelling of rivers, camps, etc., are only phonetic, as we could not find anything authentic to guide us in this respect, most names being those used by natives.

MARTIN JOHNSON.

LION

CHAPTER I

THE City sprawled by its dirty River. A pall of fog and smoke and gas fumes hung over it. Urchins played in the gutter. Mrs. Grogan in stained wrapper went to the stoop for milk. Four blocks away her grimy husband stoked the furnace of Mr. Giltedge who was worth millions and lay abed ill of gout. Tired girls and grim men were gulping breakfasts of cold storage eggs preparatory to rushing by subway to stuffy offices. Ike Cohen, blear-eyed from lack of sleep, ran his taxi over a cat. . . .

Another cat eight thousand miles away sat on its haunches and loudly purred, licking its chops and blinking at the red ball of fire which had just rolled up over the eastern horizon. The air was crisp and sweet. The blue dome overhead was cloudless. About the cat wide rolling plains spread to blue mountains in the distance. A long winding broken line of treetops marked a river course. On a low hill nearby a four-legged sentinel stood, head up and spiralled horns sharp against the skyline. Behind the cat a patch

of tall grass waved gently in the morning breeze. And in a clump of low bush a dozen small birds twittered merrily. Suddenly, for no other reason than joy of well-fed living, the cat opened wide its mouth, bared its white shining teeth and curled its tongue.' Whereupon it emitted such a terrific earth-shaking sleep-shattering roar that a hunter half-a-mile away nervously stopped his mug of coffee under his lips and exclaimed: "My God—hear that lion!"

Osa and I had no illusions about the lion when we went down into Tanganyika, British East Africa. We had seen many lions, photographed a few and been charged by three or four. We knew that experts consider the lion the most dangerous game animal the hunter ever faces; that the lion is a man-eater on occasion; that he is a cruel assassin by habit; and that the lion alone can account for the dread men have always had of Africa. We knew that no other single factor—even thirst or cruel savage—had contributed so much to the horror and mystery of the "Dark Continent."

Yet we did not share the popular prejudice against the lion. For in our earlier years the more we had seen of the King of Beasts, the more of a gentleman we found him to be. By that I don't mean he is a high-hat spatted snob; nor a condescending treacherous rotter. I mean that the courage, intelligence,

health and laudable purpose—by his own kind's standards—that should mark the human gentleman also marks the lion.

A lion is dangerous. So are the sun's rays, a volcano, Niagara Falls and a ring champion—when one offers them an impertinent intimacy. A lion fights like a demon. When wounded he will sometimes keep coming even after his heart, lungs and major muscles have been cruelly lacerated by high-velocity steel. But so have Sergeant York, Colonel Lawrence, Nungesser and many other good men fought. A lion kills to eat. He kills young animals, sometimes breaking their necks with a crunch of his mighty jaws. Daily he devours the flesh of his prey. So do you and I. A lion does not, except for food, kill nor fight nor interfere with other living creatures. That is more than can be said of most human beings.

The lion likes East Africa because the elevation gives him a warm dry climate; the terrain is grassy with occasional trees for shade, and not too rolling; and the vast herds of game—like Texas cattle—give him his daily bread. There are a few natives, but they don't bother the lion much so long as he keeps away from their sheep and cattle. White hunters are probably his only serious enemy; and the British have recently reduced this menace by regulating the number of lions that any one hunter can shoot.

The full-grown lion weighs between four hundred and five hundred pounds. He is heavily-muscled and his bones are relatively short, solid and strong. Compared to other animals he is highly specialized. That is to say, he is master of his environment, mentally alert and physically competent. His jaws are proportionately shorter than those of most other members of the cat family, and thus stronger. His frontal orbits are naturally enlarged so that his big eyes can be used to better purpose in the dark. His retractile claws permit him to stalk silently and yet strike with fearful laceration. His important teeth are four long and dagger-like fangs and four knife-edged premolars. No other beast is so well equipped to crush and tear its victim to pieces as is the lion with his terrible claws and eight murderous teeth.

There have been many long disputes about the relative menace of the lion and such other dangerous animals as the tiger, buffalo, grizzly bear and elephant. Certainly circumstances vary so much that it is difficult to lay down a rule that will cover all of these hardy beasts. But it is safe to say that, if a full-grown male lion is fiercely determined to attack, if he is enraged and unwounded, the hunter has no better grounds in the world to be profoundly apprehensive. Certainly he has a right to be, if the lion suddenly stiffens his tail and roars, and comes

headlong for him. The speed, boldness, vitality and demoniacal cruelty of the lion at such a time are proverbial.

Roosevelt wrote: "The hunter should never go near a lion until it is dead; and even when it is on the point of death he should not stand near, nor approach its head from in front."

I agree. Only I must add in fairness to the lions Osa and I consorted with to get the photographs we have used in this book, that we went near many lions when they weren't dead; and they were either well-fed enough or magnanimous enough in most cases to leave us alone.

Largely by first-hand account we were familiar with most of the lion tragedies that have happened in Africa in recent years. Some of these were avoidable; some, notably those in which natives were killed by lions, could not be helped without changing the ways of the natives. Not a few were the result of over-confidence on the part of hunters who had found two or three lions easy game, and then had abruptly been charged by a resolute one.

One of the worst cases was that of George Grey, the brother of Sir Edward Grey. He was horribly mutilated by a lion on the Kapiti Plains in January, 1911. Sir Alfred Pease, the great lion hunter, was with him. Pease made it a rule when hunting lions on horseback never to get closer than two hundred

yards from the animal. But Grey, ignoring his friend's advice in the heat of action, galloped up to within about ninety yards of a fleeing lion; then was suddenly charged and killed.

The party in which the fatal accident occurred consisted of no less than seven heavily armed white men and an ample crew of native beaters. The country was flat and rolling, with patches of grass and brush of the kind most fancied by lions for cover. A dozen or so lions were flushed at almost the same time early in the morning, apparently a group that had been sleeping off their night's feed. The lions scattered when one was wounded and took cover at various convenient points nearby.

Suddenly Grey got up two lions and pursued them at a gallop. The closest one was only about one hundred yards ahead of him. Pease did his best to interfere; but was too far away and the action too swift for him to do anything.

After a few minutes of pursuit the rear lion must have seen that Grey was alone. At least I gave the lion credit for thinking he had a tactical advantage. Lion-like he whirled without the slightest warning and charged. Grey instantly drew up his pony and sprang to the ground, his rifle in his hand. He got off his first shot when the lion was about twenty-five yards away. He shot again at five yards. Neither shot seemed to take any effect. The next instant

the lion was on the hunter growling savagely and frightfully mauling him with teeth and claws.

Two of the party who had been witnesses to the gruesome sight put spurs into their horses and reached the spot in about a minute. One other man, who was dismounted, ran at top speed and reached the scene of the tragedy at almost the same time. In addition, the second lion, who had approached to within ninety yards, began to show signs of charging. Its tail was slashing and its head dropped low.

Two shots at about ten yards' range with a high-powered modern rifle only served to goad the lion into a more furious attack on his victim. Of course the shots did not reach fatal spots in the beast's anatomy. But the fact that he could withstand their concussive effect on his body was good proof of his terrific resistance to punishment. Then Sir Alfred put the muzzle of his rifle up to the lion's head and dropped him on the body of the bleeding man.

At this critical juncture one rifle jammed and another had an empty magazine. Fortunately the other lion did not charge, but moved off to cover. Grey lingered for two days before his torn body succumbed.

As an example of the hide-and-seek tactics of lions in country where there is plenty of cover, I recall an account of a hunt that took place some years ago,

the hunters using horses that had been used in other lion hunts.

Attacks having been made by the lions on both natives and their cattle, the white men in the vicinity organized a large beating party and circled in the opposite direction on their horses. The country was wooded and held thickets of some size. One lion was soon killed without any great difficulty, and another wounded. This unfortunately gave the hunters a deal of confidence in their valor.

The wounded lion took cover in a patch of brush from which the leader of the hunters, mounted on his horse, tried to dislodge him. Several shots were poured into his body through the cover with the only result that the lion charged and flung himself on the head of the poor horse. While the man in the saddle fired twice more at pointblank range the lion tore the wretched horse's face to ribbons, blinding him in one eye; then hopped off and took to cover again. Of course the poor horse fled screaming with pain.

A second hunter now came up on his horse. Again the lion charged and wreaked his vengeance on the hindquarters of the second horse; again was wounded several times, yet was able to retreat to cover.

The hunters now felt that the lion was in such bad shape that it would be safe to dismount and go for him in a squad. Three of them did so, holding their

guns at ready and prepared for a charge in case the lion still had that much life left in his riddled body.

The lion did charge, and with such speed that only one bullet struck him. He sprang at the nearest hunter and had him down before the others could fire again. Clawing and biting at his victim he made a bad target for the others, despite the fact that they were only a few feet away. Finally one rushed in and placing the muzzle of his gun against the lion's side sent a bullet through its heart. The lion fell dead on top of the man, whose arm and hand were crushed to a pulp. When the beast's body was cut up it was found to contain no less than twenty-five bullets! The man was lucky enough to recover.

My friend Blayney Percival, former game warden of British East Africa, had a narrow escape a few years ago under similar circumstances.

He left his camp at dawn on Christmas day and started beating for lions along the bank of a nearby river. When a big lion broke out of a reed bed Percival promptly dropped him with a fine shot through the beast's head. A second appeared, and again Percival let drive, this time knocking the animal down. But the lion rose again almost at once and turned growling at the hunter. Behind Percival were several Masai with shields and spears, hoping to finish off the assassin that had been

slaughtering their cattle and threatening the lives of their wives and children.

The wounded lion now decided that it was prudent to try different tactics and retired. Cautious search on the part of both Percival and the natives failed to reveal the location of the beast. So, having moved to what he considered a safe distance from cover, he had his men start skinning the dead lion.

After the job was finished, the wounded lion not having reappeared, Percival began a thorough search of the immediate neighborhood. Suddenly the lion got up in front of him and he took a flash shot without results. Again the animal disappeared in the reeds. Percival walked forward very slowly, knowing well the danger. At about thirty yards the lion suddenly charged out, "growling horribly, mouth open, mane up." Percival shot almost instantly, striking the lion full in the face. This time he thought he had done for the beast, yet the latter sprang snarling back into cover.

Percival again walked forward very slowly. As he did so a sudden rushing sound came through the reeds and the lion's bloody head popped out not three yards in front of him. Percival fired, his shot getting home in the lion's chest. But before the gases of his rifle had a chance to clear, the lion was on him.

He went down under the impact, the blow dazing

him for a few seconds. When he could collect his wits he found to his astonishment that his gun bearer, Yondi, lay across his knees *between him and the lion!* The lion was biting fiercely at the native.

It all must have happened very quickly, and Percival luckily kept his head. Coolly recocking his rifle, he swung the butt of it over his shoulder and put a final bullet into the lion's head, killing him instantly. The native, who had jumped in to save his master, was badly mauled; his thigh and foot being torn. However, he recovered, though crippled for life.

One thing about Percival's account sticks in my mind. That is the difference between Yondi's feelings and those recorded by Livingstone when being mauled by a lion. A generation ago the latter wrote: "Growling horribly in my ear, he (the lion) shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of what was happening. It was what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe who see all the operation but feel not the knife."

It is only fair to add that while Livingstone was having these pleasant (?) sensations the forepaw of the lion that had injured him was resting heavily on

the back of his head. At this critical moment a native distracted the lion, which leapt upon this new victim and nearly killed him before being dispatched by a spear.

Percival's man, Yondi, on the other hand, declared that his wounds gave him his worst agony when the lion was actually biting into his flesh. Possibly the white man reacts differently from the native under such circumstances. I should like to know; though I hope neither Osa nor I have a first-hand chance to observe.

These incidents show that the lion is often a strategist in the open; and that he plays his game of attack and retreat with vicious skill. But such performances are always in daylight, the time when the lion is not at his aggressive best. At night the lion is cool and deliberate, cruel and savage. On occasion he does not hesitate to enter the habitation of a man and take either the man or the man's possessions.

I have talked with some of those who worked on the construction of the British East African Railway and got first hand some of the gruesome details of attacks by lions on workmen and others during the early days. One of the most illuminating cases of how a man-eating lion goes about his business happened at Kimaa, a small station about two hundred and fifty miles from Mombasa.

The lion had evidently become very fond of human flesh. He carried off several men and once held the station in a state of siege, during which the classic telegram was sent to the Traffic Manager:

“Lion fighting with station. Send urgent succour.”

At this moment the lion was on the roof of the building doing his best to pull the corrugated-sheets of iron off with his heavy claws. He cut his feet badly and actually ripped up some of the metal; but was thwarted by the heavier beams underneath.

The first serious effort to get the lion was made by an engine driver who spent the night in an empty water tank, hoping to get a shot at the lion through a small loophole out in the side. The lion came on time that night; but instead of being killed, nearly killed the would-be hunter. The beast crawled up on top of the tank and reached down through the small man-hole and nearly scared the engine driver to death. Luckily the hole was just too small for the lion to squeeze through.

As the situation had become serious and more men were being carried off by the lion, the Superintendent of the Police, a Mr. Ryall, took his private car up to Kimaa for the sole purpose of killing the pest. As the lion had been seen the night before his arrival he determined to lie in ambush for him right there in his car.

The car was therefore put on a siding near the station and the white men prepared to dispatch the murderous brute that had terrorized the whole neighborhood. They had some doubt whether the lion would come near enough to give them a shot. Their shelter was not a native thatch, nor a station building reeking with the odor of native flesh; but a strong railway carriage smelling of machinery and other hostile things not associated with food.

During the early part of the evening the white men actually went out and had a look around for the lion. There was not a great deal of cover for him in the vicinity; and one lucky shot might end the party without further anxiety. But there was no sign of him. So they returned, dined and spent the evening sitting in the darkness with rifles ready in case the lion showed up.

Near midnight the three men decided that it was useless for all three to sit up any later. Mr. Ryall took the first watch while one of his friends lay down on the floor and the other took an upper berth. At one end of the compartment was a sliding door leading to the passage that connected to the other quarters; at the other end was a window out which Ryall watched.

It is believed that Ryall must have dozed off, for he never gave the slightest warning of what now went on:

The lion, who must have been lying low thus far, now boldly came to the train and boarded it. He crept silently along the passage and entered the compartment where the three white men were. His weight was sufficient to tilt the whole carriage, causing the door behind him to slide to.

One can scarcely imagine a more frightful predicament for the three men to be in, locked up alone in the dark in a tiny space with a huge man-eating lion.

The man in the upper berth was wakened by a scream. He bobbed up and was stunned with horror at what he saw. Just below him, so close that he could reach out and touch the beast, stood an enormous lion. Instantly he knew that it must be the beast they were hoping to kill. And here the fellow was, right among the hunters, and quite free to take his choice as to which he should feast upon that night.

At the same moment the man on the floor awoke, feeling a heavy weight on his chest. He squirmed at the discomfort of it and reached up to take the thing off him. His heart stopped when his fingers closed on the hairy leg of what was unmistakably a lion of huge proportions.

The third man, poor Ryall, was ominously silent in the gloom.

The man in the berth had no gun and there was only one way for him to reach one without digging

under the lion's nose; that was to escape through the closed door and get one from the native quarters. As the lion stood motionless apparently looking down, he decided to make a jump for it. To reach the door he had to take one step on the lion's back. It wasn't a pleasant thing to do; but he did it, and reached the door before the lion could even turn or growl. But here another horror faced him, because the natives had gathered that a lion was in the compartment and had combined to keep the door shut.

After a brief but frantic struggle, in which the white man expected the lion to be on him any minute, he managed to force the door open and rush out, slamming it after him.

Just after this point the frightened party heard the crackling of glass and a heavy thud on the ground outside the car. The lion had jumped through the window carrying Ryall with him. He had not harmed the man on the floor, on whom he had been standing.

All that was left of Ryall was found the next morning in the brush only a few hundred yards away from the station. The lion had feasted fully on his victim's body. I think that Ryall died instantly; probably his skull was bitten through by the lion's long fangs which penetrated the brain.

The whole dreadful adventure shows clearly the

boldness and clearcut competence of the lion when he decides to attack. He is unlike other animals at such times in that he rarely loses his head, nor does he wait to be goaded into a fury before he becomes violent. Killing for food is his business since cubhood; and, like a man, he does his business with all the simplicity and dispatch at his command.

One could go on almost indefinitely citing cases in which lions have proved themselves savage enemies of both man and other creatures. But it is a pleasure to point out that in the lion's own country, where the native is a poor uncultured black, human courage has not given away to the ruthlessness of this beast.

I have seen naked Lumbwas receive a lion's charge armed with nothing but a spear and protected only by a single light shield of hide. Pease tells of a boy tending his camels who was attacked by a lion. The boy fought the lion single-handed with nothing but a spear, was horribly torn and nearly killed; but he killed the lion and saved the camels.

There was the case of Lord Delamere who was charged and fell underneath the lion which began to chew his leg. A native boy ran up and bravely seized the lion's shaggy head in his hands and tugged away until the lion turned on him. The boy was terribly mauled before a nearby hunter dispatched the lion; but he survived after certainly having saved the life of his master.

As I said before, Osa and I went down into lion country with our eyes open. These incidents I have just mentioned are not new. They and many like them demonstrate the character of the animals we had chosen to live among and photograph. We were not disappointed; but we also had the pleasure of seeing to a considerable extent the other—the more likeable—side of a lion's personality.

CHAPTER II

"BONE of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, are the half-brutish prehistoric brothers. Girdled about with the immense darkness of this mysterious universe even as we are, they were born and died, suffered and struggled. Given over to fearful crime and passion, plunged into the blackest ignorance, preyed upon by hideous and grotesque delusions, yet steadfastly serving the profoundest of ideals in their fixed faith that existence in any form is better than non-existence, they ever rescued triumphantly from the jaws of ever-imminent destruction the torch of life which, thanks to them, now lights the world for us. How small indeed seem individual distinctions when we look back on these overwhelming numbers of human beings panting and straining under the pressure of that vital want! And how inessential in the eyes of God must be the small surplus of the individual's merit, swamped as it is in the vast ocean of the common merit of mankind, dumbly and undauntedly doing the fundamental duty, and living the heroic life! We grow humble and reverent as we contemplate the prodigious spectacle." . . .

WILLIAM JAMES, in "Human Immortality."

Although our expedition was primarily designed to cover only lion country, Osa and I could not resist a side trip into the Congo on our way down for the purpose of visiting the pigmy tribes known to exist there.

After making moving pictures of cannibals and head-hunters, lions and elephants and nearly every other kind of animal life in the South Sea Islands and Borneo and Africa, we looked forward greatly to a visit to these mysterious natural dwarfs.

African pigmies have been known to exist for at least a hundred years. But their ways of life are surrounded by myth. Their silent goings and comings through the jungle, their strange customs and the riddle of their origin, combine to make them the most interesting group of human beings on the face of the globe.

We could have come in through the East Coast of Africa and journeyed across Kenya and Uganda to the Congo. But we had accepted the kind invitation of Mr. George Eastman of Rochester, New York, to join him on a trip up the Nile. We left New York on December 14th and got aboard Mr. Eastman's boat, the *Dal*, early in January. For several weeks we enjoyed our host's generous hospitality. He made it possible for us to see the White Nile near Lake Albert, under the pleasantest sort of circumstances. We were all looking for white rhino and elephant. After Mr. Eastman had secured one of each he

returned down the Nile while we went on into the Congo.

From Faradji I had a runner sent ahead to Gumbari, a small Belgian station on the edge of the wildest part of the Congo, and since I had taken the precaution of getting proper letters of introduction before leaving New York, I felt some confidence that we should get the help we needed.

We started at dawn, using trucks to take ourselves and baggage and one local native guide. We soon passed Watsa, the headquarters of the Congo Moto Gold Mines, and finally camped that night at a small native hut, thatched from grass, alongside the road. We found the natives there were enamored of the white man's glass bottles. So, using this means of exchange, we purchased food and service; for one chicken we paid two empty bottles: four eggs cost one bottle.

On the following day we began to wind slowly through heavy forested country, more typical of that inhabited by the pigmies than the plains which we had been crossing. Near noon we came to a small river over which a bridge was being built by two hundred natives in charge of one white man, a Belgian official. We watched the work with interest.

First, out of the forest came a big squared log about eighteen inches on a side and at least sixty feet long. A hundred blacks staggered under the

load. When the gang paused for breath I examined the log carefully. It was of some dark and heavy wood that had been neatly squared out by hand. When the men waded out, the timber was placed on other logs that had already been laid on the banks as a foundation. Three more long logs of the same sort followed, until the bridge stringers were complete. Finally, planks were nailed to the heavy timbers, making a smooth decking. When the approach at each end was leveled up, the bridge was complete. Barring floods, it should be there twenty years from now in perfect condition. Once more I saw that the black savage is a useful citizen when properly managed.

At dusk we reached the D. C.'s office at Gumbari. As he was not present, his office was guarded by two black soldiers, natives who had been taken into service. We were wondering what to do next when I heard a commotion behind the house and a chattering as if a band of monkeys had broken out. Going to investigate we stumbled on a group of the pigmies I had come so far to see. It turned out that as soon as my runner had come in from Faradji the D. C. had sent out and "captured" a few pigmies so that I could see them when I arrived.

When we saw them Osa and I got the thrill of our lives. We had expected to find small people, but not anything as tiny as these were. There were



THE PYGMIES POSE.

Mag, our interpreter, stands at the right. When I got my tape measure and took a record of the crowd I found that the smallest was a woman of about thirty. She stands at Osa's right. She was three feet eight inches tall. One giant was a little over four feet.

nine of the pigmies—three men, three women, and three children. And they were real living people of a natural size far below the average of the white race. There was no deformation, or malnutrition or other unnatural cause for their diminutiveness. Racial stature had put them in a class by themselves, just as a sheep is smaller than a horse and a horse smaller than an elephant.

None of them seemed to weigh more than sixty pounds, or about the weight of a seven-year-old child. They had a wild look in their eyes and gave every indication of being nervous about being forcibly brought to the station. We did not blame them a bit, because they were under guard of black soldiers three times their size; and then we turned up suddenly, with the most intense curiosity in what they looked like.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they thought we were cannibals," laughed Osa.

The poor little creatures huddled together as if for mutual protection and cringed silently away when we approached closer. The children were whimpering and one of the women was weeping aloud. When we realized how terrified they all were, Osa and I tried to give them a little comfort by speaking kindly to them in our own tongue, which, of course, they did not understand. But we thought that by the tone of our voices we could

reassure them. Possibly we succeeded on our own behalf; but I noticed that from time to time the pigmies gave scared looks in the direction of the big blacks who kept them herded in the enclosure.

Next morning we rose early and found the D. C., an agreeable Belgian named Henri Coume, had returned during the night. He had received a letter from Baron Zuyeen about us, he said, and had at once had the pigmies brought in. He seemed a little puzzled when he learned that we wanted a "whole herd" of them, as Osa put it. He shrugged and sent for one of his foremen.

In a few minutes about fifty soldiers (blacks) and native laborers were called in and a grand council of war held. As we could not talk French and the Belgian spoke no English we could not tell what went on.

"He can fix it," said our interpreter, who had been listening carefully. "The Gumbari natives say that some of the pigmies have been trading skins and honey only a few days ago."

Now the nine little pigmies of the night before were brought in. They looked as if they thought that their last hour had come. They shuffled and hung back, their lips quivered, the women wept quietly and the children clung in terror to the adults. It was pathetic to see them. It suggested that there might have been some cruelty in the past. But

investigation reassured me that the Belgians treat these little people of the jungle with the greatest kindness and consideration. I suppose that the truth of it was that the pigmies were scared by the mystery of the whole proceeding more than anything else; or perhaps they had a guilty conscience which none of us realized.

The senior man among the "captives" finally gave the information that there were more of their own kind in a temporary village only a few hours' journey back in the jungle. He agreed to lead us to this village, with the understanding that none of his people would be hurt. I suppose he would have been held to account by his own kind for any damage that we did.

"You had better watch them very closely," Coume told us through the interpreter. "They are adepts at slipping quickly away in the forest. And once they're gone you'll never see them again."

"Will you let us have an extra man or two to help?" I asked.

He bowed politely and nodded toward two black soldiers who belonged to his own bodyguard. "They will do what you want," he said. In addition he sent for another native who could talk the language of the pigmies. This fellow was a young giant at least six feet two inches tall, who loomed like a tree over the tiny ones. His name was Mag. Somehow

he had made friends with the pigmies, and was used by the Belgians to go into the jungle and trade with them.

Before we left we thought we ought to do something to confirm our friendly attitude toward the pigmies. So we took them to the trading store and bought sixty pounds of salt, which I was told was a great delicacy with them. The salt came in little cubes, looking like our lump sugar. In addition we bought some sugar in bulk and a few bolts of calico. I had found by experience that this sort of thing is a great inducement to make the native pose for my camera.

Just then Osa discovered that the little man who was a sort of senior and spokesman for the pigmies was a Chief. So I set about making friends with him. I bought him a blue coat and a pair of trousers and addressed him as *Sultana*—(chief).

By this time the pigmies had, like children, lost all their fear. They began running wildly about the store and asking for everything they saw. I did buy them a tin spoon apiece, and distributed a little rice.

“But the rest of it you will have to wait for until we reach your village,” I explained through our guide.

I thought it bad business not to keep some bak-sheesh up my sleeve, so to speak.

During our own preparations to leave I found that

the pigmy Chief also had to get ready. At his direction two of his men brought a little seat lashed between two poles. The seat was made of rattan and only about six inches square, and had no back. When it was adjusted to his liking the Chief straddled it with his legs hanging down. He had to lean forward to balance himself, a position which looked anything but comfortable.

When we got into the forest the little people started a chant. After a little of this they began dancing along, hopping and skipping, like a lot of school children. Then they strutted and side-stepped and swayed, laughing and chortling until the foliage echoed with their gayety. No doubt it was a sign of their great and joyous relief at escaping from the station, not only without harm but with presents to take home to their families.

My previous picture of the home of the pigmies was a dark and tangled jungle, swampy and insect-filled. Now to my surprise I found that our way led through a lovely forest with hard ground under foot and the sunshine pouring down through openings in the foliage.

Just before sunset we stopped in a small clearing that showed signs of a former camp or village: charred tree trunks, burnt rocks where many camp fires had been built and some rough lean-tos that had sheltered native peoples. Mag said that we

would camp here and that the other pigmies were not far away. So we put up the tent, water was brought from a nearby stream and we settled down in comfort.

The Chief now brought a small hollow tree drum with skins stretched over it, top and bottom. He squatted down in the center of the clearing and started the mystic "drum talk" of the jungle. First he beat the drum with the flat of his hands, making sounds that were not unlike a telegraph code. After about ten minutes he stopped and listened. Though we heard no answer, he seemed perfectly satisfied.

I will never forget that night: a dozen camp fires all about; low chatter of strange tongues between my porters and the pigmies; weird far-off cries of night birds; croak of tree toads; millions of forest crickets; and a faint whispering of a gentle breeze through the trees.

When we awakened the next morning Osa peeped out of the tent and reported that a new lot of pigmies had joined our little troop. The whole crowd were chattering away at a great rate. I told our interpreter to line them up.

Mag, the interpreter, at once exchanged a few words with the Chief. I was doubtful of the outcome because it was the first definite order that I had given. But I soon found that human pride exists

even in the darkest jungles. For the little Chief beamed and bowed, and at once set out to do what I had asked. He bustled about like a new lieutenant and soon had his people lined up for inspection.

I then got my tape measure and took a record of the crowd. The smallest was a woman of about thirty. She was three feet eight inches tall. Several were three feet nine; and the balance (of the adults) around four feet. One "giant" reached the extraordinary height of four feet four!

I noted that they all had good skins. There was not a sign of disease or deformation. One old man had an eye out, but it did not seem to bother him and there was no sign of after-infection.

While we were having our breakfast I told my boys to gather up all their cooking pots and boil as much rice as possible. When it was finished I got out the sugar and salt and, taking a cupful of each, by signs made the Chief understand he could have either one to season the rice. He tasted both, then, taking both cups, emptied them together with the rice into the largest pot!

A chair was now got out for the Chief. And when he seated himself the women rolled the rice in balls and fed him, placing it in his mouth. He seldom touched the food with his hands. A woman stood on either side of him and wiped his mouth for him as the rice stuck to his face; and lots of it did stick, for

it was cooked with too much water and was more of a sticky paste than separate grains. From time to time he was handed water in a gourd. And how he did eat! With two women keeping his mouth as full as possible he seemed to be swallowing it whole; and when his throat got clogged up he would wash it clear again with water.

During this time the others were sitting about and gorging themselves with rice. Most of them seemed to like the sugar best with the food. In fact some liked it so well that they would have used more sugar than rice, had we permitted it; just like a lot of children at table without a nurse. When the women, who were sticking close to the pots, got to the bottom of them they began to ladle out the burnt remains at the bottom to the children. At first this seemed discrimination against the youngsters. But Mag soon told me that all the pigmies liked the burned rice best; and that when they cooked it in their villages they always burned most of it.

When we first saw the Chief being fed by his women attendants, I thought he was putting on airs for our benefit. But during the five days we spent with the tribe he never ate in any other way. And always when the meal was over the ladies made a fine clean job of his face before he got to his feet. In spite of this ceremony the Chief never remained aloof from his people; but moved among them with

democratic amity, and showed his Chiefhood only by the slightly greater dignity with which he carried himself and talked.

As soon as the pigmies got used to having us around I set up my cameras and kept them ready at all times. I thought it better policy not to risk offending them by trying to make them perform for me; by experience I had found that the savage is very touchy as regards his pride. No doubt in many cases this is a form of inferiority complex that is the more pathetic as one goes down the scale of culture.

Further, I wished to catch the little fellows at their natural work and pastimes. On the very first day two or three casually began to dance. At once they saw by the actions and speech of Osa and myself that we were deeply interested, and that we were not laughing at them. I hurried to my camera and began to crank out a few feet of film. As soon as they saw we felt this way they all joined in the dance. Two little men took their places at the center of the circle and provided "music" by beating drums. The dance didn't amount to much; was unorganized and not graceful, though amusing because the people were so tiny. The crowd just shuffled around, keeping time to the drums with their feet, and reversing when one or two happened to feel like it.

When every one was out of breath the smallest and prettiest woman in the lot decided she would put on a special performance for us. The others sat or stood about and enjoyed her as much as we did. She swayed and pirouetted crudely but not without grace. She reminded one of a child who, having seen some dancing for the first time in a theatre, has come home and is trying to imitate what she has witnessed.

Her antics were colored by her evident desire to be indifferent to her audience. She made a brave effort to be gay and whirl with abandon. But her self-consciousness was revealed by many sly glances at her audience, especially at Osa and me to make sure that we were looking—and then quickly shifting her gaze in childish embarrassment when she found our eyes fixed on her.

She was so pleased at our attention, especially when her tribesmen began to get a little bored, that she edged over until she was right in front of us. And there she would have stayed all day I am sure had not the Chief started another general dance, probably to head off the young lady's monopoly of our attention.

I watched carefully to see just what hunting and working implements the pigmies had. Every man and boy—even children, if large enough to hold it—carried a bow. They were tiny little things, like toy bows at home; and certainly did not look large

enough to kill anything. And with every bow the owner carried a small quiver of skin. These quivers each had a cover that fitted tightly down over the top; and each held from three to a dozen light small arrows. The tip of each arrow was black, where it had been poisoned. Outside the quiver was a small pocket holding a few arrows that were not poisoned. Each arrow was merely a slender straight piece of very hard native wood with no sort of bone or metal at the tip. Nor was there any sort of feather at the other end; though the base was split so that a small leaf could be inserted when the arrow was used, and thus provide a guide in the air.

During our stay among them I tried over and over again to get them to shoot something so that I could photograph the action. But they absolutely refused to shoot seriously any sort of bird or other game. Perhaps it was bad luck, I thought; or something of the sort. They willingly showed us how they used their bows by shooting arrows at a tree, but would go no further.

"What is the trouble?" I asked Mag.

He shrugged and then grinned. "I can't say," he said. "But perhaps the White Man is feeding them too well."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If the *Tikey-Tikey* (the name given to the pigmies by the large natives) shoot a monkey the

White Man will expect him to eat it; and then the meal of good rice and sugar will not be served."

It sounded reasonable enough. I had not given the pigmies credit for so much guile.

By afternoon we were on a most friendly basis with the whole outfit of them. They moved around us at their ease; and often talked or argued without seeming to remember that we were even present.

I thought the time had come to ask them to do some "specialties" for me.

"Line them up, Mag," I told our interpreter. "I will tell you what I want each man to do. Promise them a good feed of rice after it is all over—provided they do as I say."

Well, it was a good deal like a children's picnic or birthday party. The pigmies were just as full of fun and deviltry as a lot of kids and could hardly wait for me to start things off.

Mag stood by me and repeated my orders in pigmy language. In turn down the line, each little man or woman was directed to do a different thing; sing, laugh, look angry, register surprise, and so on. To our surprise they were not only obedient, but they were exceedingly good. Some had real histrionic ability. And while the one "acting" did his or her trick the others would crane their necks down the line and roar with laughter. I am sure they all hadn't had so much fun and excitement for years.

One very fat little woman with a wilder eye than the rest suddenly decided that she would show all the others up.

"She says they are not so good," grinned Mag.

They weren't, compared to her. For no tragedy queen ever did much better in a director's test than that naked bit of savage femininity out there in that jungle glade ten thousand miles from Hollywood. First she advanced a few steps from the line, very dignified and lofty in her manner. Then suddenly she burst into a long infectious laugh, that set her people holding their sides in sympathetic mirth. Even Osa and I joined in until tears streamed down our cheeks.

Then, abruptly, her laughter vanished and her face contorted into grief. She began to sob, great dry heaves that presently squeezed tears from her sorrowing eyes. Before we could join in her grief, she flew into a mock rage, wildly accusing an imaginary person standing invisibly in front of her and heaping such abuse on his head that several with guilty consciences along the line perceptibly cringed. From anger she went to contempt, from contempt to diffidence, and so on. It was perfectly superb; one of these jungle miracles that make of travel in the wild parts of the world an unending adventure even without the fiction writer's melodrama.

"Some day I'm coming back," I declared to Osa,

“and film a whole history with these pigmies as actors.”

We were just finishing up our impromptu theatricals when twelve new pigmies arrived. Their Chief rode on a little carrying-seat just as ours had when coming out. When he was set down a little henchman ran up with a chair for him and another handed him an old-fashioned rifle that was twice his size.

The newcomers did their best to look dignified and aloof, as if wanting to be sure where they stood with the white visitors. But they didn't quite get away with the pretense. Curiosity was too strong; and I think they were impressed by the strange new ceremony which they had interrupted by their arrival.

Our forty little friends went up to the new arrivals and vigorously shook hands with them in the queer way they had of grasping thumbs and appearing to twist them. They made no effort to conceal their feeling of superiority in being the ones that were entertaining the white man, and playing the white man's curious games.

Osa and I quickly turned our cameras on the thumb-twisting performance. But the new Chief could not take his eyes off us long enough to appear natural. Finally we went up and both shook hands with him.

Meanwhile his gun-bearer stood close to his side, as if ready in case of treachery. We felt sorry for this gun-bearer. He seemed to be scared nearly to death. He certainly must have offended his Royal Boss that day and been punished for it. His gums and lips were raw and bleeding; some of his teeth had been knocked out; and his face was generally in a mess. Had it been any sort of accident he certainly would not have been so servile to the Chief, jumping out of his skin every time the latter spoke. We tried to find out what had happened but never got a satisfactory answer.

The new Chief's wife was a pretty little morsel, three feet eight inches tall and about fifty pounds in weight. She was very affable, and at once found a mutual friend in Osa. Every time she caught Osa's eye she smiled knowingly as if they were a pair of brides just back from a honeymoon.

When the sun got too low for more camera work I had a big feast of rice prepared by the native cooks, making sure that the newcomers had an unusually large share. I still had a big supply of salt and sugar and presents, which I was saving in hope that other pigmies would arrive; but none ever did.

As we ate dinner the women crowded around Osa, squatting on the ground and watching every mouthful she took. From time to time she passed out bits of biscuit with jam which were taken daintily and

without any sort of snatching. It was a little pathetic to see the adoration in the little creatures' eyes for the wife of the powerful White Sultana, as Mag said they called me.

None of the pigmies wore ornaments of any kind; neither did they have their noses or ears pierced for wearing ornaments the way most of the other African savages have. Their little hands were dirty in the way that a child's hands are dirty after making mud-pies; but their bodies seemed clean.

One thing struck us: they resembled closely a tribe of pigmies we had found ten or twelve years ago in the interior of the Island of Santo in the New Hebrides group of the South Seas.

The theory is that these little Congo pigmies have become a race of small people on account of living in the dense forests where there is little sunlight. This would also account for their light brown skins. In these same forests are found the dwarf buffalo, the pigmy elephant and not far away the smallest species of hippo. So it may be possible that lack of sunlight also affects other forms of animal life.

The pigmies had no skins for sleeping purposes. They merely curled up in bunches on the ground without covering of any kind when they went to sleep. They had no cooking utensils or any food of their own, as far as we could see. But they must have had possessions of some kind somewhere in the

forest. When the rainy season came they could not stand sleeping without shelter. But we were never able to find a settlement; they would not tell Mag of any and we failed to see any though we walked many miles in different directions from camp.

During the ensuing days we found our little friends very excitable at times. They quarrelled a great deal, but seemed to hold no permanent grudges against one another. One minute the whole forest would be ringing with their angry disputes; the next they would be dancing together as if nothing had happened. I think a good title for the tribe would be "The Dancing Pigmies." I have never seen savages who would break out in a dance at so little provocation.

When the time came to leave we divided up the balance of sugar and salt, the knives and the calico. We took care to give the Chiefs double portions of everything. We had to go on with our regular work; though we should like to have stayed for some weeks among these amusing people, studying and photographing them.

I think they were sorry to see us go; for they shook hands with us all around and stood in a silent group as we moved away.

CHAPTER III

I SAT naked on the edge of my bath tub and waggled my right leg. I laid my hand on the crown of my thigh and felt the muscles ripple underneath. Would the fangs of a lion ever rip into my meat and mercilessly crunch my bone? Sobered by the thought I slid my carcass more tenderly than usual into the bath. . . .

It was the old childish trick of reaching after the moon. Only in this case the moon was an emotion: the thrill and adventure of living intimately with lions. In the past we had seen and tracked and killed lions. We had photographed them and written about them. But always it was a case of scattered lions. Never were there lions all day, every day; lions all night, every night; lion fights and charges and encounters until our world became a world of lions.

We didn't say much about it, Osa (my wife) and I; I mean about the "fights and charges" part. Neither of us were killers; and we had both had enough encounters with wild animals to have no illusions. But we had made up our minds to see the thing through.

"You're sure you're going to like it?" I asked Osa.

"Sure," she said gamely. She holds the gun, you know, while I crank my camera.

"It means literally living in a lion's cage for months," I reminded her as casually as I could.

"Only the cage is five hundred miles square."

"It's the only way, isn't it?" was her calm retort. We had left the Congo and reached our home in Nairobi, British East Africa. Nairobi is still the nearest civilized town to lion country. Only a few years ago the ground which is now its main streets was overrun with lions. When the railroad was built over the three hundred miles from Mombasa, the east coast seaport, up to Nairobi, many of the laborers were eaten by lions. When a bum went to sleep on a Nairobi street corner of the early days he didn't know whether he was going to wake up in jail or in a lion's stomach.

The town can be reached from Mombasa after taking a boat down through the Mediterranean, Suez and the Indian Ocean; or one can go up the Nile for several thousand miles by houseboat and across Uganda by motor car or Lake Victoria by steamer. It gets easier every year; which is a shame because lions will ultimately fall victim to a tourist horde just as the wild Indian and buffalo did at home in America. My only hope is that they eat

a lot of tourists first . . . of course they may eat me too.

Next morning—March 26, 1928, to be exact—I sent for Bukari, our big Nubian Headman. He strode in, towering near the ceiling and wearing the dignity of a Chieftain. He stood before me altogether in physical repose, yet revealing the instinctive muscular alertness of the aborigine.

"We are going south after lions," I told him. "Get ready."

"How long, Bwana?" asked the practical black.

"Four moons," said I in Swahili.

That was all there was to it—until Osa took a hand. I mean that by ten P.M. on March 28 we had four months food in our chop boxes. We had rifles and ammunition and spare gasoline and other gear for a hard trip down through Tanganyika. We had five of our best tents, water stills, tarpaulins, camp beds and chairs and tables all tied up in neat bundles. We had eleven still cameras and three moving picture machines, one hundred thousand feet of film, chemicals for developing and several hundred plates. We had medical stores and typewriters and toilet supplies. We even had a phonograph. It came to about four tons of stuff, a well-rounded bit of supplies that any man would have been proud of. My eager blacks' loaded it all into our big touring car and two motor trucks and we were ready.

The great trouble in packing up and going anywhere for a long motor trip with your wife is the number of things she can think of to take along after you're once ready to go. This is especially true, I believe, when you're going after lions.

"Oh, Martin," called Osa at six-thirty A.M. the next morning. "Come and look."

When I reached the front door I found the yard full of Waccoma natives with chickens to sell.

"It will be nice to have eggs between lions," she said coaxingly. "Chickens don't weigh much. Just about three dozen hens and a rooster or two."

The trucks were already piled sky-high. But I didn't want to begin the trip by being bearish. So I paid a few shillings while Bukari directed the lashing of eight crates to the tops of two trucks.

The chickens seemed to set going the domestic mechanism inside Osa's head. "Look here, Martin," she said suddenly. "Won't we be down there long enough to have a garden?"

"Good heavens, woman," I exploded, "we're going after lions!" It just didn't seem appropriate to hunt lions and grow onions at the same time; sort of like wearing a wrist watch in the prize ring.

But I might have saved my breath. Ten minutes later we unloaded Osa's Big Six while she rushed down to "Government Road," as the main street is called, after seeds. Bukari with a poker face directed

his boys to break out the garden tools—shovels, rakes, and hoes. While doing so we uncovered a hand ice machine last used on our Kenya safari over a year ago. We lashed the garden tools on top of the chicken crates.

When we finally got away Osa drove her touring car with its mudguards hidden by swollen duffle bags lashed to the frame and four natives squirming under the load. I was at the wheel of the one-ton truck which carried two tons of supplies besides myself and six black boys. The other truck, equally overloaded, was driven by Urg, our Swahili mechanic. He said that that wasn't his name; but at least we found it pronounceable, which was more than could be said for the one his mother gave him.

For the first day I wasn't sure whether we'd ever have to face a charging lion after all. Our three groaning autos carried what would have been a good load for six ordinary cars. A gamble, no doubt; but then our whole adventure was a gamble, anyway; so why not take it.

Somehow we managed to cover thirty-five miles without a breakdown. The trails were full of ruts and rocks, with sand and holes at the edges. We camped that night at the bottom of the beautiful Kedong Valley near a cool clear little stream that furnished us with water. Tired and dusty we slept beside our cars right out under the velvety African sky.

Next day we stretched our pace to seventy-five miles before nightfall. Our camp was pitched on the banks of the muddy Southern Guasho. We turned the chickens out to feed; but they must have caught a whiff of wild animal odor in the air, for they scuttled back to the trucks and roosted as high in the top-frame as they could get. On the third day we bettered a hundred miles, crossing the Kenya line and entering Tanganyika, the Home of the Lion. On the fourth day we reached the bare Serengeti plains and spent three hours fording the turgid little Seranio River with its vertical banks.

On day five we entered the plains themselves, a typical game country. Our way led through the flat bottom of a wide shallow depression bordered by rolling hills. As we were south of the equator the blazing sun crossed the meridian north of us and slid westward until it lengthened the shadows of the bush-topped mimosas into long narrow ribbons of black.

Ahead hung a thin, almost invisible, vapor of dust, miasma of the African game herd. And presently, as we expected, we fell in with zebra—thousands of them. Where there are zebra there usually are lions.

After the zebra came a horde of Tommies and Grants (Thompson's and Grant's gazelle); impalla, topi, kongoni, eland, waterbuck, bushbuck, reedbuck, giraffe and a few wildebeeste. It was the African

menagerie at its best, the vast collection of grazing animals that drift to and fro across the western reaches of that vast country.

In the afternoon we rounded up near a rocky park that looked inviting as a permanent camp. Leaving our boys to unpack, Osa and I wandered down among a small grove of trees nearby to mark the layout for our tents.

It was all so peaceful that I had to force myself to remember lions at all. The afternoon was soft and warm with a faint scent of the wilderness in the air. Along the distant slope somewhat below us still fed the game herds, moving ever so slowly like contented cattle at home. Here and there a baby gazelle or impalla frolicked among them. Groups of topi, briefly surfeited with fodder, huddled and dozed with tranquil friendliness.

Osa stood by me and watched. Her silent companionship was the human touch I needed. In a flash of retrospect I thought of all the weird lion tales that had sent us here. How silly they seemed! Of course lions lived; we had seen them long enough to know. But was there such a thing as a true lion country, after all; a country that could be said to be *infested* with them?

I wondered if we should have to move farther on to find lions in numbers. Bukari might be wrong. If this country were only the pastoral garden of the

grass-eaters with only occasional lions our safari was made in vain.

My reverie broke out into words: "I wonder—"

But a sharp pinch choked my speech.

"*Sh-h-h*," whispered Osa and pointed to a grassy spot not a hundred feet from where we were.

Four lions stood there watching us. For the first time I became conscious of the rifle in the crook of my elbow, a precaution that the traveler in Africa dare not overlook.

We did not move. Nor did the lions, save that one blinked as if he had just been awakened. He was lying down. Two others were standing just behind him. To one side sat a lioness on her haunches.

Had we been out to shoot lions it would not have been difficult to start a fusillade and hit all four animals before they could reach us. If we had only wounded one or two we should have had to take to the nearest tree and have a fight on our hands. But we looked on ourselves, not as sportsmen, but as Goodwill Ambassadors to the King of Beasts. It would have been tragic to open our visit with a killing.

We walked slowly backward, not daring to take our eyes off the lions but trying to show that we meant them no harm. It was a dangerous move, but our one chance to escape a battle. Perhaps they took us for feeding game; if so, they were not hungry,

for they permitted us to retire altogether from view.

When we reached the boys I told Bukari what we had seen. "It looks as if a whole family of lions live here," I explained. "Don't you think we might find a better place?"

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "It is as I said, Bwana. Simba (lion) has no house. But he has a land and this is it."

After a brief consultation Osa and I thought we might try a small valley about ten miles away that we had seen from a high part of the trail. So we hopped on her car, which was empty now, and set off. About three miles from camp we had to stop to allow several thousand stampeding zebra to pass. They stirred up such a terrific cloud of dust that we dared not go on until it cleared a bit. We knew that with blind driving we might smash the car in a pig hole or pass up a lion.

We guessed right on one count at least. For when the dust cloud lifted there in front of us crouched one of the largest and finest lions I had ever seen. It was he who had stampeded the herd. We told this by the sharp sidelong glance he gave us, his lashing tail and the lumps of heavy muscles under his skin. We did not need to see the long shadowy form hidden in the grass at his feet to realize that he stood over a dying zebra.

"*Ahr-r-r-uff!*" he growled in a low menacing snarl that clipped off at the end.

"That's all right, old man," replied Osa in the tone she uses to me when I'm back in New York trying to button a boiled shirt.

But the lion's only retort was a lashing tail and another snarl, louder than before.

He was such a beauty that I simply had to get pictures of him, both moving and still. But since he was in an ugly mood Osa brought out her Springfield before I dared set up the camera.

I suppose he took us for a family of rhino, or some such animal. The automobile no doubt gave him the black and bulking outline of a horned quadruped; and we two did for a couple of totos. So when we disregarded his threats and advanced to photograph him it was no mark of cowardice on his part to retreat. A female beast the size of our car accompanied by two infants who stood on their hind legs and were fearless, constituted a moral threat that no sensible lion could afford to ignore.

As soon as we saw that our quarry was taking the defensive we hopped in the car and set out after him. This was a distinct lack of self-control on our part. The time hadn't yet come for chasing lions. And at the moment we were supposed to be out hunting a camp site. But this fellow's mane was so fine and thick, his body so alluringly beautiful that

we didn't even stop to reflect on whether the chase was worth while or not.

As Osa was driving I must give her credit for a fine strength of arm that she could hold the wheel at all while we swung at a forty-mile clip out over the plain. Remember that there was no sort of roadway or trail. We were motoring across the middle of the wildest part of Tanganyika, which in its turn was one of the wildest parts of Africa. Rains and droughts of ages had seamed the earth's face beneath our wheels with furrows like the network on an old man's countenance. And where Nature hadn't done her work thoroughly the rodents of the country had.

Once the lion, trotting easily ahead among the rocks and ridges, glanced over his head. In astonishment he paused. A new sort of rhino, indeed, he must have thought us: one that engulfed its young and then pursued with frantic speed and deafening tumult.

Just then Osa dodged a boulder only to land the car with a crash in a pig hole. The back end reared up and we were nearly thrown through the windshield. But even in the painful crisis of the instant I caught a glimpse of the lion ahead. He had turned around and was facing us. His head was cocked on one side.

"My *gosh!*" I could almost hear him exclaim. "That creature must have lost its mind entirely!"

As Osa and I piled out, rubbing our bruised knees and elbows, the lion looked hungrily back to his zebra. I know he debated whether or not to disregard the big black lunatic behind him and feed anyway. But the strange beast's renewed disgorgement of its young once more touched his sense of caution and he trotted off in the direction of the nearest cover. After all, what was a zebra to a full grown lion, when the countryside was spotted with them?

On examining the car we found that we luckily hadn't done any damage except to give it a couple of brand new squeaks which later proved chronic. Somewhat subdued we continued on to the place we thought might do for camp. But our self-assurance was presently to receive a final and for the time fatal jar.

We were now winding along with a good deal less of the "Sunday Driver" attitude. However, the car was still giving a good imitation of a bucking bronco with a few sidesteps put in "to make it interesting" as Osa afterward observed. Gradually we became conscious of a rattle-crash, rattle-crash, that resounded high above the noisy bumping of the frame against its springs.

I got out to investigate. Visions of the entire back end of the car falling off, or of a couple of cylinders tumbling out of their block, came into my

mind. I lifted the hood for a look. But just as I leaned over Osa shouted almost in my ear: "Look out, Martin!"

Being a little jumpy by that time I whirled around expecting to face a lion in midair about to descend upon my unprotected back. It was a lion, all right; two of them. But they hadn't got to the point of trying to eat me. They were only peering through the grass about fifty feet away.

"Get your gun, Osa!" I snapped with some annoyance at my own nervousness.

But the order was unnecessary. Apparently she was in about the same state of mind that I was. For she had laid the rifle across her knees when we stopped.

The lions made no effort to charge us. Nor did I want to draw a charge by trying to chase them off. So far as I could judge they were on their way to a lion party or something of the sort and had just paused to see who was passing that way. They were panting and had the vaguely uncomfortable look of two people dressed up in their Sunday best en route to a wedding.

When a small herd of zebra trotted by a few hundred yards beyond the lions I thought they'd leave us alone. But either they weren't hungry or were expecting refreshments at their destination. They just kept right on rudely staring at us.

"Go ahead and fix the car," whispered Osa. "I'll keep my eye on them."

It was the only thing to do.

But as I peered around through the vitals of our machine I couldn't help stealing an occasional anxious glance at the lions. They hadn't moved an inch. They were behaving just like a couple of toughs who would have been pleased at a brawl if we chose to start one.

Finally I discovered our trouble. The muffler had jarred loose and was about to fall off. Every time we had hit a bump it had hopped up and smashed against the bottom of the car. In a few moments I wired it to the frame and climbed in beside Osa.

"Let's go back," I said, to which she heartily agreed. As we drove off one of the lions ran out a few paces and waved its long tail as if making a gesture of defiance lest we misunderstand its lack of hostility.

When we reached camp the boys had spread several of the tents and brought firewood against prowling beasts of the night. I took Bukari aside.

"We will stay here," I said. "It seems as good a spot as any."

"And there're lions all over the place!" broke in Osa.

"It is Simba's country," replied Bukari sententially.

CHAPTER IV

ONE day I met a wealthy sportsman on safari. He was weatherbeaten and haggard. I do not believe he had eaten a proper meal for days. Hardship had bitten into his temper as well as his physique. He gamely rose above the hidden devils of exhaustion that clung to the fibres within him and said he was having the time of his life. But I wondered if he wasn't making a mistake. . . .

The following week was a good deal like living under an active volcano that rumbled and shook and showed unmistakable signs of erupting at any moment. Only instead of one volcano there were about a *hundred*; and all of them had claws and fangs and encircled our camp licking their chops in anticipation of the time we should be suitably fat and tender to feed upon!

Of course that is an exaggeration; I must be honest. But *feeling* oft repeated becomes reality. And our feeling, bolstered by seeing an incredible number of lions loafing about our neighborhood, was just about that described above.

Osa, however, was in her seventh heaven. Lions were only lions; but housekeeping was her heart's content. Home was a long way off intrinsically. But hypothetically our camp was home for the present; and it was her determination to make it as tidy and comfortable as our resources would permit.

I mention this because I have seen so many safaris in Africa and in Borneo and in the South Seas that set out with almost nothing in the way of food supplies and comfort. The people on them seem to think that hardship is part of the game.

It doesn't occur to them that they may be wasting good nervous energy in camp, energy which may be needed to save their lives in emergency a few hours later.

Osa and I didn't learn this fact about travel and camping out of a book. It took us nearly eighteen years of hard wandering all over the world before we discovered how much unnecessary misery we had suffered.

"Suppose you get toughened to the life," our friends still observe.

I imagine what they want us to answer is: "Yes, it's terribly hard, and we are usually miserable; but we get used to it." Whereas the real answer is: *"It's terribly hard for the tenderfoot because he thinks it ought to be hard. But the more you work in the wilderness the more you realize that trying to accustom one's*

body to hardship is all wrong; the right thing is to temper the hardship to one's body."

I confess we went to Africa prepared to rough it. During our years in the South Sea Islands, Borneo, and Australia we were pretty much like other folks who had never done a great deal of exploring beyond the rail-head.

One thing, we used to sleep on the ground. We sewed blankets together for sleeping bags when it was cold and lay out on the bare sand when it was warm. In consequence we caught colds, rheumatism, pleurisy and about every other ill that dampness and exposure to raw night air can bring.

Then we used to try to be simple in our diet. "Simple" in the other sense would be more accurate. As a rule we swigged a lot of coffee, fried up greasy meat and added flapjacks or some other soggy sort of camp bread, if we had time. I had an especial hankering for bananas and must have eaten thousands of them in the course of time. My strong constitution and iron digestive apparatus withstood the strain; but I never felt quite right.

Early in our African experiences, nearly eight years ago, we began to change. We found we weren't at our best. We felt lopy during the day and overtired at night. We lost weight but did not harden the way we should have. Our digestions began to suffer. Our nerves weren't what they had

been a few years before; indeed, at times we were so irritable that we began to lose much of the joy of our work.

One day Osa said: "Wonder if we're getting old, Martin? Do you suppose we'll have to go home and give up?"

I think this scared me. The thought of giving up my ambition to make a complete pictorial record of African wild life kept me awake all that night.

Next day I made a sort of mental inventory of our plans. I tried to figure out if we were too ambitious. Were we overdoing? Then I went over our equipment. But I couldn't find anything essentially wrong. We had a better outfit than most people used; at least we could add a lot of what I considered unnecessary luxuries if we wanted to. And there was no better food to be bought in Nairobi or Mombasa than that which I had, most of which had been packed and brought out from Europe or America.

No, if there was anything wrong, I concluded it must be with us or with the life we were leading at the time. And since our condition was mostly a direct result of our existence I decided I'd better experiment with the latter.

One of the first things we did was to shift absolutely every ounce of routine drudgery to the shoulders of our native blacks whom we could hire at reasonable

prices. It was not that we wanted to keep from physical labor. We knew we must get plenty of exercise if we were going to keep in condition. But the depressing effect of monotony to the white mind we finally recognized.

The next step was to remake our rough camps into luxurious, though transient, headquarters. This meant a shelter for each kind of work as well as for each lodging.

And finally we transformed our routine from a haphazard movement that involved the whims of half a dozen headmen I had hired, to a systematic camping and marching that would have graced the army of a king.

Nowadays in the field we sit in chairs, eat off tables and sleep in cots. We have baths and course-meals and clean clothes. We diet on well-cooked food, cool water and frequently fresh vegetables. As a result our nerves are steady, our digestions well-behaved and the diseases of the country little more than an avoidable menace.

For a week after we reached lion country we controlled ourselves enough to leave the lions alone. There was arranging and rearranging of tents. Bukari and his men built a storeroom made of mud and grasses with a tarpaulin cover over the thatch.

The final layout was simple enough. We had three tents in a row, all connecting. A fourth tent

was placed in the rear and held my photographic equipment, clothing, cartridges, guns and other odds and ends. The dining tent had a yellow lining to make it sun-proof. In its center stood our table. Its walls were backed with chop boxes containing our food and empty petrol boxes which made capacious shelves for dishes and tableware. The sleeping tent covered a bed on either side of the ridge pole. We had comfortable air mattresses and clean linen. Mosquito nettings hung from light frames by lines that permitted us to raise or lower them by a single pull of the leading string.

The tents were made of green rot-proof material which I have found most satisfactory for use in Africa where wet weather is pernicious, once it comes. Above the tent proper was spread another tent-roof which is technically known as a "fly." This made an air space of about six inches between canvases, giving us a cool and sun-proof living space beneath. In the hardest rainfall this combination proved absolutely waterproof.

Around the tents the boys dug trenches to carry off water. Inside poles and stones were placed on the ground to raise our boxes and field trunks above the white ants which were always on the lookout for loot of any sort.

The grass-roofed kitchen was located about eighty feet from our living quarters. This was far enough

away to rid us of the odors of cooking and the chatter of our black cooks, and yet not reduce the integrity of our unit. I mention this because the underlying factor in our whole camp outlay had to be consideration of the lions that surrounded us. Like a military commander I must keep my men and supplies concentrated, and be always prepared for trouble from the enemy.

My own Willys-Knight truck was fitted with a sort of upperworks that gave me a workshop on wheels. In it I had a combined dark-room and laboratory where I spent most of my time in camp mulling over my lenses and cameras, or loading and unloading my film magazines. I am frank to say that photographic work in the field is hard enough at best. But without some sort of shelter in which one can labor out of the dust and blazing sunlight really good pictures are almost impossible to secure.

Alongside my truck was parked Osa's Big Six with a waterproof tarpaulin over it, cut and sewn to measure. In this way the car was not only protected, but we could put anything of value in it and know that no rain could seep in and do damage. The other truck also stood in this group and had its rainproof cover made with equal care.

Incidentally, these last two cars and their covers gave me reserve sleeping quarters for the boys. The native does not mind sleeping on the bare ground

with only a piece of tanned sheepskin to cover him. The nights are cold but he endures his discomfort with the hardiness of a wild animal. But much like the wild animal he tends to become somewhat depressed in long continued spells of wet weather. Then the ground often becomes a sea of mud and the native a shivering wretch who suffers until the sun brings relief. By having an old tent rigged up near the kitchen and the extra spaces of our covered cars I was able to keep my men off the ground when rain came. My profit lay in the extra spirit of industry and endurance I gained thereby.

However, rain was not an unmixed grief. It was the one source of much fine fresh pure water on which we could draw. With this in mind, I had stretched in front of our sleeping tent a big sheet on poles spread at an angle of forty-five degrees. This caught for us a good supply of water at every rain.

Of course the kitchen made a constant demand on our water supply. By it I set up our big copper still which made five gallons of perfectly clear clean water at a clip. Into this still we could pour the yellow, scummy, polluted alkaline *soup* which our boys dipped from the little waterholes of the Seranio River and it would come out pure. It was magic to us as well as to the boys that a decent liquid could ever be got from such a mess. Later we saw the same river become a roaring torrent, muddied but

less polluted by the heedless herds of game. But when the brief rains were over the hot sun soon reduced the current to a thread and again left little puddles which were at once turned into nasty slime by the thousands of animals that came down to drink.

Osa took upon herself the task of making our chickens happy. She provided them a sleeping roost made from old boxes which the boys broke up and lashed together under her direction. It was no surprise when all the fowl began to fatten rapidly. They had plenty of slops from our kitchen, a few millions of insects on tap at all times, and plenty of good sand for their craws. In addition the soft-hearted Osa insisted that the cook mix a big pan of posho for them every day and put it before them whether they felt like eating or not.

As a result of her efforts Osa soon had the satisfaction of seeing her pets begin to lay. By the end of the second week she was getting from ten to twenty fresh eggs a day. Anyone who has spent time in the field will know how delicious a fried fresh egg tastes after the routine of camp diet.

Osa also had done well with her garden. To this day I can't quite get over a little sense of incongruity that I felt from the beginning about mixing a lion-hunt and kitchen-garden on the same safari. It showed the profound optimism that Osa felt in our

success with the lions. It told me that she accepted the chance of lions overrunning our camp and chasing us out with an equanimity which was more than valor, it was just plain *character*. Osa had had several narrow squeaks with lions in the past. She wasn't blind to their ferocity when the beasts were aroused, any more than I was. But she was bound to have her garden; and all the lions in Tanganyika weren't going to discourage her.

After the boys had spaded and raked the plot that she staked out for them she put in her seeds. Petrol tins of water from the nearest waterhole were brought and emptied carefully over the planted rows. By the end of the first week she had in radishes, corn, beets, potatoes, peas, beans, lettuce and onions. And before the first sprinkle of the early rains, sprouts were up.

Our patent ice machine was now in constant use. Three minutes turning of a crank made sufficient ice for each meal. In addition Osa was often able to make ice cream for our evening meal with the ice that was left over. I cannot speak too strongly of the pleasure and luxury of having an ice machine on safari. The modern machines are so simple and inexpensive and work so dependably, that I feel it is a mistake for an expedition that plans to be absent a month or more in the field not to have one along.

I know we both thrived on Osa's cooking. Her

pies and cakes became famous with the people who visited us from time to time. Not content with her ice cream she used to make pie on the same day and serve it *à la mode*, much to the excitement of our mess boys who had never seen any such combination before. However, they were not tempted to steal from our table; at least, they didn't do so even when they had the chance. For, after serving our food and at times being able to eat some of it, they ignored the white man's luxuries to go back to their own quarters and fill up on native "Posho," as the simple dish of boiled ground corn is known. I think the African's affection for this food may be compared to the Oriental's appetite for rice.

In addition to our excellent deserts we had plenty of more substantial foods that were indigenous. There was usually a sandgrouse or Franklin partridge for dinner, or a bustard (greater and lesser are both fine eating.) Every five days we killed a topi and had fresh steaks and liver and roasts, leaving the balance for the boys. For breakfasts we had waffles and rice cakes after we had finished the daily ration of fresh eggs. Osa taught the cook to make good fresh bread and as fine coffee as I have ever tasted in New York.

It may sound as if we lived sybaritic lives. We did to the extent of having good food and plenty of it. But it must be remembered that we were not

only doing heavy labor in between meals, but that our nerves and muscles had to be in the condition of a trained athlete's when emergency arose—which it did often enough when the serious work began.

A final word about these unromantic details of our lives; and that is butter. Many field parties seem to think that butter is too great a luxury to take. I have found it adds much to the tastiness of foods in cooking and no doubt has a bearing on the health of the white traveller who is used to eating it.

Before leaving Nairobi Osa bought forty pounds of fresh butter and worked in an almost equal amount of salt. She then sealed it in glass jars that were air-tight. In this manner we were able to keep it for more than six months without its deteriorating in any way. When Osa wanted fresh butter for the table she took one of the jars, dumped out the butter and worked distilled water through it until practically all the salt had been eliminated. As a result it was not unusual for us to sit down and spread our bread with butter as sweet as if it had been churned the day before.

I don't underrate the value of preserved foods. We took a good supply of "Jans Cream," which will keep indefinitely and in the field tastes as good as fresh cream that has been just skimmed off a crock in the farmhouse cellar. We took beets in tins, chop suey, chicken à la Maryland, all the best brands of

California vegetables and fruits, figs and dates in jars, Boston Brown Bread, boiled and mashed and fried potatoes in jars and a score of other good things.

What we wanted was variety and to be ready in case our source of fresh meat or vegetables was unexpectedly cut off. Only in this way could we be sure of keeping our health, having some fun in our work, and accomplishing the things we had set out to do.

CHAPTER V

A FRIEND once introduced me to a New York gangster. The criminal had a rock-like jaw and little gimlet eyes. "Yes," was all he'd say, and "No," when I humbly tried to engage him in conversation. Meanwhile he rocked ever so slowly from his heels to the balls of his feet, as if ready to spring. And he glowered under lowered lids when a stranger accosted him. Through it all I felt the unnatural harshness of the man. "Why," I thought, "are such creatures born into a peaceful world? . . ."

I want to warn the reader right here that it is not safe to feed wild lions in Africa. You can get away with it, of course. But there are chances for disaster that are not worth taking unless you have a trained hand with you who knows the technique of entertaining African lions.

Osa had the idea first. I suppose it was her feminine disposition towards hospitality.

"Let's make the lions feel that we are friends," she suggested after we were all settled in camp.

"We haven't time," I retorted. "Besides a lion's

suspicion of man is a good deal more than skin deep. We'd probably have to live here a couple of hundred years before we could persuade the lions in the neighborhood that we weren't out for their hides."

"But wouldn't it be a good thing to start? I mean, we could give a party today, say; and the next time we went out to take some pictures the lions might remember we had been nice to them and pose for us."

It was a fine theory. And we had done enough lion photography to know that the lions would not hesitate to accept our invitation. But whether it would permanently affect their attitude toward strangers remained to be seen.

I explained our plan to Bukari.

"The lion likes zebra," he observed non-committally.

"Don't you think it will make them friendly?" asked Osa.

Bukari shrugged. "The black man has no friends among the lions," he said with meaning.

The first step in the scheme was to pick out our lions. As a matter of convenience it would be better to have them near some zebra so that we wouldn't have to drag our bait far.

Climbing a little eminence among the rocks behind the camp I spotted herds of both zebra and kongoni within two miles of us. I also made a mental note

of the lay of the land between us and them in order to avoid involving our motor in any deep dongas or heavy grass that would be hard to drive through and also provide hiding places for unseen lions.

Before we started I set up my moving picture camera in the touring car from which I had had the top removed. This gave me the advantage of moving quickly either to reach a scene or retreat from trouble. While the going was usually too rough for me to crank when the car was in motion, it was but a matter of a few seconds for Osa to stop while I trained on any unexpected scene that deserved some film.

We now set out deliberately to feed the lions.

At this point I must add a note of explanation.

I have long been opposed to the unnecessary slaughter of game. Publicly and privately I have arraigned the thoughtless sportsman who kills excessively for no other purpose than to boast about his bag. It is a good thing for Museums and some authentic personal collections to have specimens of wild game on view. The sportsman of moderate tastes does no real damage. All tend to stimulate public interest in an unknown country and often redound to the benefit of the game itself. But to kill in the sense of destroy, to slay in the cause of conceit, is surely an offense against the Almighty and a symbol of human stupidity.

Despite this we were avowedly going out to shoot an innocent grass-eating animal and feed it to a beast of prey. By so doing we would seem to be flying in the face of the text we had always so strongly preached. Yet, we felt there was justification.

For instance, it is a known fact that lions in Africa kill more game in a single night than all the combined safaris kill in a month. Moreover, lions are often horribly cruel in their killing. Once I saw a lion knock over a zebra, hamstring it and begin eating at once. With the victim still living he tore its stomach out and nuzzled into the poor creature's bloody entrails.

I have seen a bunch of wild dogs catch a kongoni and begin tearing flesh from its rump before I could frighten them off and put the wretch out of its misery. I have seen a sick zebra being torn to shreds by vultures who would pick its eyes out while it was still alive. Nature is very cruel in the jungle.

In contrast to the lion's method we would approach close to a herd and pick out an old animal that could afford to die—in fact was better dead in a merciful way than by waiting the cruel assassination sure to be its fate. We would easily kill at the first shot, giving our victim a quick and painless death.

On the morning of our lion-feeding adventure we drove out of camp with the boys looking anxiously

after us. Osa drove; I sat beside her and Bukari balanced in the rear. If he were nervous he was careful not to show it. A headman cannot afford to exhibit any such emotion to his henchmen.

Less than a mile from camp we sighted several lions sunning themselves near a group of mimosa trees. Using the trees to mark them we rounded in the direction of the nearest game, which happened to be a herd of kongoni. I took the wheel so that Osa could shoot. She is a crack performer with her rifle, far above the average man. In a case of this sort I usually drive up as close as I can, and let her out. Then she quietly stalks the game and drops the animal she has picked out.

By getting a little start on the car and going down a slight incline we were able to coast within about fifty yards of the herd before stopping. But they must have seen Osa dismount. For just as she started toward them they stampeded, leaving us only a cloud of dust for our trouble.

We took a look at our lions through the glass to be sure that they hadn't moved on, too. But a yellowish blur in the grass near the mimosas showed that they had not budged.

Meanwhile Osa was peering about for more game from which to pick a meal for the lions. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Look there are some more lions!"

It showed how sharp her eyes were that she could

see them; for even with the glasses I found that the ones she had spotted were well camouflaged by stripes of shade and flecks of sunshine that made their tawny hides blur against the yellow grass behind them. They were lying in the shade of a big thorn tree. There were seven of them: big fellows and apparently in a quiet mood. Best of all, a small herd of zebra were grazing not five hundred yards upwind from them.

I have always believed that Osa is one of the best white hunters in the world. Her eyes must be better than any native's for she always sees game before they do. She never gets rattled in a tight place; and she can shoot as straight at a charging animal as at one that is lying on the ground.

"Two of them have fine manes," she said now, shading her eyes with her hand. "I bet they're waiting for that herd to move down close to them so they can get their dinner without working too hard for it."

"Looks that way," I agreed, confirming her details through my binoculars.

"So let's get them a zebra," she went on, "and take it over to them. Then they'll stay right there and let us photograph them the rest of the day."

As Bukari made no comment and the plan seemed sound we set about our three-cornered stalk. We had to approach the zebra carefully so as not to drive

them too far away. At the same time we didn't want to disturb the lions too much. As Osa said, if they would only wait until we brought their meat over to where they were we should be able to make some corking pictures of them.

By careful driving we approached to within fifty yards of the zebra without their paying any attention to us. Then Osa got out and dropped one old animal with a single bullet through its heart. It was a pretty shot and the zebra never even quivered after it fell.

At once I glanced over my shoulder to see if the lions had moved. But they merely watched the herd scamper away as if they felt certain another bunch would be along soon. The noise of our gun didn't seem to disturb them a bit.

While Osa backed the car up to the dead animal, Bukari and I bound its hind legs together. We then ran the rope through between the legs and around the body in such a way that we could tow it to the spot we wished and let it go without getting out of the car. We wanted to be on the safe side in case the lions made a rush and pounced on the body. In other words, while we wished to be friendly hosts, we harbored some doubts about the table manners of our guests.

Bukari and I now climbed aboard and Osa set off in low gear toward the lions. The dead zebra towed

pretty well, and stuck only a couple of times when it got jammed against rocks.

"How about light?" Osa asked me over her shoulder.

I made a quick calculation. I knew I didn't have to take the wind into consideration, for the lion is one animal that pays no heed to human scent. Direction of the sun and position of shadows were the important factors.

"Cross from the left," I called to her. This would take the zebra right in front of the beasts so that they would continue to face the same way they were facing now. And it would bring the light somewhat from behind us when we reached a slight rise beyond.

On we went, making only about four miles per hour and towing the carcass which was to be dropped under the noses of our neighbors.

It was a ticklish business for several reasons. In the first place, Bukari and I had to watch the body closely to see that it did not jam. Osa had to keep one eye on the ground and the other on the lions. None of us could stand ready with a rifle to fend off a charge.

Moreover, when the lions got the scent of the dead animal they all sprang to their feet, thoroughly interested for the first time in our strange behavior. I suppose up to that moment they had as usual put

us down as some sort of large animal grazing about.

"I think they're coming, Martin!" shouted Osa, not daring to look around.

As I jerked my eyes from the zebra to the lions I saw the biggest of them run forward in a few short steps. He lifted his head when he heard Osa shout. But he almost immediately lowered it and glared in the direction of the dead zebra. His expression and movements were much like those of a cat who is being tempted by some object pulled along at the end of a string. His impulse was divided between suspicion of us and desire to get at the moving prey which must have smelled so alluringly.

"He will come!" broke out the imperturbable Bukari in my ear.

And he did.

Suddenly in great graceful bounds the lion galloped straight for the zebra. His eyes were narrowed and his mouth open. The fresh breeze waved his thick black mane into a handsome fringe in which was set his ferocious countenance.

As Osa couldn't go into second without stalling until I let go the line, she at once began to yell for me to cast off.

Of course it all happened in a few seconds. The oncoming lion was covering many feet at every bound. But we had no business being tied to the

meat he was after. Let him once discover that we were pulling it away and he wouldn't hesitate to fight us on any terms. By quick work we might shoot him before any great damage was done. But by this time the other lions, which had already begun to advance, would no doubt join the fray.

"Let go!" cried Osa again.

The devil of it was I couldn't let go!

The confounded rope had become knotted in such a way that it wouldn't slip. I tugged at it until the skin came off one finger and sweat poured down my face.

Meanwhile Bukari sprang for the rifle. Osa didn't dare stop because she couldn't afford to lose headway. And I felt chained to the rope with the frantic hope that it would give way at any moment.

Luckily the rope slipped a bit, opening the distance between us and the zebra. This caused the lion to change his course slightly, indicating that he would pass us up for the time being.

Then just as he leaped upon the body the rope slipped and we were free. As Osa quickly threw the clutch into second I sat back and mopped my brow. The lion didn't begin to eat at once. Instead, he posed himself atop the zebra and glared defiantly at us.

As soon as we got clear of the other lions, which were still coming up, we made a short turn and

advanced to within fifty feet of the kill. The lion was still standing up stiffly as if prepared to defend the prize which he seemed to think he had captured from us! He began to growl and slowly lowered his hind quarters as if making ready to charge.

As it seemed prudent to stop at this point, I touched Osa on the shoulder and she put on the brake without stopping the engine. Then I began to crank out film, standing on the body of the truck.

"Come a foot further and I'll get you!" the lion growled again.

To which I replied aloud: "Don't worry, old man. The light and distance are exactly right as we are."

He let go a couple of mean snorts when I spoke, but presently lowered his head and buried his teeth in the zebra's shoulder.

This lion was a full-grown beast in the very prime of life. He was in perfect condition, sleek and powerfully muscled; he had a fine set of teeth, a flowing mane and a long lashing tail. It was clear that he was the superior of the other lions who were now coming up with a diffidence which showed their regard for his mood.

As I ground out film, a second lion, a big old fellow past his prime, approached the kill. He walked carefully and slowly as if to make it clear to the younger lion that he wasn't going to be greedy. We could almost see him licking his chops at the

prospect of sharing in the sumptuous repast which we had provided.

But the first lion didn't like this idea at all. He began to snarl when the old fellow was about five feet away. The instant the latter touched the body he whirled around like a flash and struck him a terrific blow with his massive paw. The old fellow went end over end at least ten feet out into the grass. He made no attempt to get up; but lay there with his paws in the air while his assailant stood over him roaring frightfully.

It was a disturbing sight, even though we knew well the ferocity of lions. But the swiftness of the young lion's attack, the way he trembled with rage and the blood-curdling roars that he emitted, combined to remind us how disagreeable an aroused lion could be.

I must say that the old lion showed great sense. He lay there not moving a muscle until the young lion calmed down enough to go back to the meat. He just looked up at the young bully as much as to say, "That's a nice way to behave when there's plenty for both of us."

But the young lion was determined not to share his meal. After a few minutes he went back to the zebra and stood on the body without eating, staring at what I suppose he presumed to call an intruder. For that matter, the older lion may even have been

his father. (We found out later that both friendly and family ties were dissolved in the gravy of a good meal.)

After a bit the old lion rolled over to his feet and crawled away about thirty feet where he squatted down with a "What do I care" expression and waited for his turn.

We felt sympathetic toward the old fellow. It seemed so unjust to humiliate him before the lioness and the others who had waited in the background to see if it were all right to go up and feed. Once he looked around at them, but quickly glanced away when he saw that they were nosing together and staring at him. I know he was embarrassed.

By this time the lion on the zebra had torn the belly open and had his head half buried in the gory mess. I suppose this gave the others some assurance that he was too busy to bother with them.

Slowly they moved up, the lioness leading. No doubt she depended on her sex to protect her in case of trouble. She almost tiptoed, so careful were her steps. The younger lions followed on either side; and the old fellow who had been rolled over, brought up the rear.

When the group reached the zebra they began to eat at its head. In this way they were as far as possible from the glutton who was still gnawing his way into the vitals of the kill. But when one lion

imprudently got a little down the neck the glutton drew back and gave him a good wallop.

To our amusement the old fellow never did get clear up to the zebra. He squatted about ten feet away, looking in every direction but the meal, and licking his chops for all he was worth. I know his mouth was watering for a few morsels of fresh meat.

For nearly three hours the scene went on. I cranked my camera on every conceivable position the lions took.

And through it all the poor old lion still hung back. He yawned and licked his paws and brushed flies off his nose. He pulled burrs out of his mane and stretched first one leg and then another. But never did he dare come close enough to eat. It was really pitiful.

Most of the time the lions paid absolutely no attention to us. But once when I was changing lenses I dropped a small set-screw out of my hand.

"Pick it up, will you, Bukari," I asked in a conversational tone of voice.

Instantly the big lion was on his feet and let out a threatening growl that warned us not to start any funny business. I suppose he figured that we were afraid of him just as the old lion was; and that we were just hanging around hoping to get a few mouthfuls of meat when he was finished. I am sure that he never gave us credit for having provided the feast.

However, after that one disturbance neither the "Headman Lion," as Osa called him, nor any of the others would pay attention to us. We wanted to get them in different poses and wearing different expressions and tried all sorts of things to arouse them. We whistled and shouted and sounded the Klaxon horn. Once or twice they stood up and glared at us, as if annoyed that we should behave in such a manner just when they were trying to eat. But their attention was short-lived and they soon refused to respond to any noise at all.

I used up many hundreds of feet of film before I finished. Even then I was not satisfied. I was like a drunkard and a bottle of whiskey; I simply couldn't stop. So I slowly drove the car away and rushed back to camp. After reloading I came back. But I was too late. Nothing but some fragments of skin and a few bones were left of the zebra. On this scant fare the old lion was making the best meal he could. As his mane was a little seedy we didn't even do him the honor of photographing him.

But we felt fully repaid for the trouble and risks we had taken. In a way we had done a reckless thing; but when I saw the films I knew that they were worth it.

CHAPTER VI

METHODS of handling women have improved. For instance, there was the custom of the Kaffirs who practised polygamy with some success. Outside the village they used to keep a costume of bark hung where only the men could find it. This was used to disguise its wearer as a mythical spirit known as Mumbo Jumbo. When a wife offended her husband to a point of anger he went out and arrayed himself in the bark costume and a special mask. Then he would return, shouting for the villagers to gather. A song and dance would follow, ending with Mumbo Jumbo (the husband, of course) seizing the offensive wife and thrashing her roundly, with the open approval of the other men.

We had just about got well started on our lion work when the long-expected rains began to come. As a result we were confined to the immediate neighborhood of the camp, being able to use only the well-packed roads that we had made by our constant goings and comings in the vicinity.

One morning Osa and I left in a drizzle hoping that it would clear later and give us a chance to get

some lion pictures. But the drizzle changed to a rain, the rain to a downpour and the downpour to a good old-fashioned cloudburst. As a result the little Seranio River which we had crossed early in the morning became a torrent. We rushed back as fast as we dared travel, skidding most of the way.

When we got to the river I saw that it was full nearly to its banks. The center of it was a typical freshet.

"Guess we'd better stay here for a while," I told Osa. "If we go in there we'll get stuck sure as shooting. And I'd rather spend the night in a dry car on wet land than in a wet car on the bottom of that river."

Osa peered around the edge of our streaming windshield. Through a slight break in the downpour our camp was dimly visible in the distance. Our comfortable sleeping tent stood out distinctly from the others. In it were cots with fresh dry linen, soap and towels and a table for a nice hot cup of tea.

"Oh, come on, let's try it," urged Osa.

"But suppose we get stuck in the river."

"All right, suppose we do?"

"We may have to swim for it."

"We'll swim here before we're through," retorted Osa, mopping her wet face with her khaki handkerchief.

This time I peered out around the windshield.

It was a dreary scene. The whole landscape, at least as much of it as was visible through the sheets of rain, had a dirty drab look. Nearby hills loomed like ghosts beyond wide morasses cut by a thousand rivulets. Here and there a thorn tree crouched as though huddled and cold in the steady downpour. Not an animal was in sight.

I took a long and anxious look at the yellow cataract in front of us and again opened the dispute, shouting above the running motor to make myself heard. (I was afraid to turn the motor off.)

"Now be sensible. If we stick in the middle of the river we'll have to leave the car there. Maybe we can swim ashore, but what if we get into quicksand?"

"We're in it now. Look."

I leaned over to Osa's side and found that one of our rear wheels had sunk nearly to its axle in the soft ground.

"Oh, all right!" I capitulated, and slammed her (the car, I mean) into low.

Slowly we eased over the slimy bank. Osa held on with both hands and we braced hard as we plunged. Instantly the water was up around our bottom boards. We slowed almost to a stop. For a moment I thought we had come to the end of our effort. Then, with the gears screaming, the car lurched forward.

"That's the way!" shouted Osa encouragingly.

Slowly we eased out into midstream. The yellow torrent around us boiled up to our feet. Small waves splashed against our mudguards, throwing a cloud of muddy spray all over us. The rain itself seemed to increase.

When we got near the middle of the river the depth was almost great enough to drown our engine. Should it do so we would stop and have our wheels buried by the shifting sand in a few minutes. Whether we could make the shore by foot or by swimming was a problem I devoutly prayed we wouldn't have to face.

Our pace slowed. Either the wheels were churning on the soupy bottom, or water was reaching our carburetor. But when I opened the throttle wider the faithful engine roared out again.

Down, down we went until I was sure that our machinery must be submerged. We moved so slowly that several times I thought we had stopped. Then, suddenly, the opposite bank stood before us.

"I told you we could do it!" commented Osa loudly.

Not deigning to reply I slowed the car and then gave it all the gas I could for a dash up the bank. It was a noble effort; but about half-way up we came slowly to a halt, hung for a second and then slipped ignominiously back into the clutches of the river.

Three times we tried to get up the bank; and three times we tobogganed back. On the last attempt the whole bank gave way and we nearly rolled over. The engine stalled and we found ourselves firmly stuck in the flood about ten feet from the nearest land.

"Yes, you told me I could do it," I said bitterly to Osa. "And that's why we're stuck here in this river! We'll probably lose the car. We may drown. And, if this is a regular Tanganyika rain we may spend a fortnight here without the weather getting one bit better."

Having delivered this ultimatum I dug into the flap of my knapsack for a cigar which I had been saving for the afternoon. It was soggy and shredded. Our matches were wet. The roof was beginning to leak. Roar of the storm and the river made it useless to try to signal the camp by firing a gun.

"Have a sandwich?" asked Osa cheerily, and passed me over a wet half of what had once been a cheese sandwich.

I refused this peace offering. I didn't want to eat; I wanted to get out of the flood. While our position might be reasonably secure for a little while, we certainly faced several different kinds of real disaster if we stayed where we were. Loss of the car would put a serious dent in our plans for the future. It was rigged for our work in the lion

country and could be relied on both for speed and endurance where the other two could not. Moreover, it was new and strong while the others were old campaigners.

My first impulse to get overboard and swim for it nearly overcame me. But there were basic objections to this. The space between us and the shore was widening every moment, an abyss of rushing water through which we couldn't wade and might not be able to swim. Moreover, just below us was a bad eddy that looked as if it would carry us out into midstream if we were caught in it; in which case we should surely drown. Also we wouldn't be able to take our guns with us and be sure of getting them ashore in condition to use. We knew by experience how dangerous it would be to walk even the relatively short distance to camp without being armed against a prowling lion.

If we had to stay where we were for some time it might mean going home in the dark, even if the rain slackened and the river fell somewhat. But, as Roosevelt says: "Lions are bold and dangerous to men at night, and exactly in proportion to the darkness of the night; on black and stormy nights a lion's daring is sometimes almost incredible."

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Osa in a tone that showed she was beginning to lose some of her confidence.

I was about to make some more perfectly futile observations when I saw what appeared to be a yellowish gray shadow pass across the rain-streaked windshield. It took just a glance around the frame to see that a good-sized lion had trotted up to the bank and was gazing at us. He didn't seem to mind the pouring rain, in fact didn't look very wet.

Whether this lion had ever seen a hippopotamus or not, of course I can't say. But if he had, he no doubt took us for one. He wasn't worried at all, only intensely curious. He lowered his head and peered at us as if to say:

"You big fat lummoX. What's the sense of going into the river to get wet!"

A hippo is one of the three full-grown African animals which the lion does not attack, although it preys on the young of all three. The other two are the rhinoceros and the elephant. Of course the lion couldn't mistake us for a crocodile, though he may in his past have had some experience with the river animal. It is a matter of record, I believe, that lions do catch and kill crocodiles while the latter are lying on the shore. And no doubt lions have in turn been seized and dragged under by hungry crocodiles. So this fellow may have had lurking in his brain some picture of which we knew nothing, but which would account for his interest in us.

What chiefly concerned me was the fact that we

should have to emerge from the jaws of the river only to be confronted by the jaws of the lion. Of course we could shoot; but we had vowed not to kill lions near camp if we could help it; and then, we might only wound him which would be very bad.

Just then Osa seized my arm and scrambled up on the seat to a kneeling position.

"The river's coming right over us!" she cried.

Glancing down I saw it was true; the river was rising and the current already sweeping over the floor of the car. I made a quick calculation. If there were a certain amount of flotation left in our gas tank and other light parts of the car we should be lifted soon and rolled over by the swift current. That would mean an enforced abandonment of our vehicle and a desperate swim, only to be met by the lion.

An inspiration struck me and I tried our horn. But it gave only a grotesque gargling sort of sound that was a public revelation of our whole weakness. The moment the lion heard it he replied with a threatening snarl, which I couldn't hear for the noise of the storm; but which I was aware of from the way that his teeth suddenly showed when he curled his lower lip down.

Pretty soon the water got so high that we had to abandon the seats altogether. After wrapping our slickers as tightly as possible around us we painfully

crawled out into the rain and clambered onto the top of the car.

This performance seemed to pique the lion's curiosity more than ever. He walked along a few paces, again cocking his head on one side, and then walked back. If he had ever tasted young hippo I know his mouth watered for us, even though we were of a curious yellow-skinned breed (our slickers) which he had never seen before.

The first hour on top of the car passed somewhat quickly on account of the lion. We had something visible to fear and to discuss.

"Why not shoot him from here?" suggested Osa, water streaming across her lips as she spoke.

"Why get ourselves into more trouble?" was my reply. "If we wound him and he comes out here for us and we have trouble with a wet gun, we'll have a tough time of it."

"You think he'd swim for us?"

I told her I hadn't the slightest idea. But I do know that lions have been seen wading in a river.

Well, it wasn't cheerful, but it was something to do, to argue away on the top of the car expecting it to roll over every minute and wondering what the lion would do to us if it did.

But presently the lion went away. He either got disgusted or bored, I suppose, and thought he might as well be about his business. So the second hour

passed without more than the average light repartee that one would imagine passing between husband and wife perched on the top of a swamped car in the rain in the middle of a raging African river.

From time to time we gazed pathetically towards the distant camp. The tempest and river were still too noisy to permit anyone hearing our rifle. Bukari was our one hope. He might have imagination enough to come down to the river for a look about. But he didn't; I suppose he had gorged himself with posho and was curled up under his sheepskin dreaming of some black damsel back at Nairobi.

The third hour was pretty miserable. By this time there was a definite indication that the day was nearly done. A slight dusk began to fall and the shadowy hills had definitely disappeared. I confess that for the first time I felt deeply apprehensive. The car would surely turn over or be completely swamped before morning if the rain kept up. If we managed to land in the darkness, even though we were armed, it was not unlikely that we should meet the lion or some of his friends before we could reach camp.

It was a thoroughly disagreeable situation, and one in which any course left open to us was fraught with danger.

I finally decided that the only sensible thing to do was to swim for it, taking one rifle with us. Osa

pluckily agreed. So I wormed my way down off the top and into the front seat to get the rifle which was secured out of the rain.

As I stepped gingerly down, expecting to put my foot into deep water, I was surprised to find that the level had fallen below the bottomboards.

"Hooray!" I yelled to Osa perched overhead. "She's going down!"

"*We're sinking?*" she echoed in dismay.

"No, the river is!"

Sure enough, it was. And then for the first time we noted that the rain had slackened a good deal. Apparently farther upstream the rain had stopped altogether.

We both climbed down into the car and joyfully leaned out for a closer look. In the growing darkness we could see that the water was rapidly receding. In fifteen minutes more the mudguards began to show. Then the top of one front wheel came into sight.

It wasn't safe to wait any longer. In a few minutes it would be too dark to follow the trail back to camp. So, finally taking all we could carry of the valuables aboard, we stepped into the flood.

"Ooch!" exclaimed Osa as her feet sank into the slime.

But there was nothing to do but make the best of it. We were sorry sights when at last we struggled

to the top of the bank and stood panting and drenched, peering about to see if any lions were nearby. As no living creature was in sight we trudged toward camp and got in safely.

"Perhaps, Bwana should not take Memsab out on such a wet day," was Bukari's only comment when I told him the story of our misery.

In other words I ought to know better than risk mixing a woman with nature's other handicaps. However, I don't know of any man who would have been gamer under similar circumstances than Osa was.

CHAPTER VII

THE statisticians haven't done enough work on adversity. There was the case of the man who crippled himself for life trying to put his trousers on over his head. And the man who went out to drown the kittens and came home to find his house had burned down with his wife in it; and in rushing out for help fell into the well and broke his own neck. The laws of chance have been worked out mathematically, but the balance of the evil in life against the good still awaits its Einstein.

Next day Osa acted in a very peculiar manner. She is usually the most sanguine person in the world; gay and cheery and bright. But this morning she began to pester me before the boys brought our tea.

"Do you know what day it is, Martin?" she asked.

I cleared my brain of the dregs of wild dreams about swimming in a river that was full of lions and choking in an atmosphere that was charged with mud instead of ozone and replied:

"It's Tuesday, isn't it?"

This didn't seem to satisfy my wife, but she drank her tea nevertheless.

When we began going over our gear for a trip out to the spot where we had fed the lions a few days before, she again asked me about the day. "Doesn't it mean anything to you?" she persisted in a way that should have aroused my suspicions.

I glanced up at the leaden sky and held my hand out for the slight drizzle that had already begun.

"It means," I said, "that this day is going to be a total bust, and so is the whole trip, if this confounded rain doesn't stop."

Osa looked down and frowned. Then, without saying another word, she turned away with her pet rifle in her hand. For an instant I wondered if the strain of yesterday had somehow upset her strong nerves. Surely she had stood more than most women are ever called upon to stand.

She called to Bukari to come with her and started out aimlessly into the veldt.

"Where are you going?" I called after her.

"As far away from you as I can get," she flung back over her shoulder.

I was dumbfounded. Bukari gave me a look that I could not interpret.

"*Why?*" I yelled.

But she went on. For a moment it looked as if the mystery wasn't to be solved after all. Then she hesitated, turned about and shook her head at me as if I were beyond redemption, calling out:

"Because, Martin, it's our wedding anniversary!"

Holy smoke, she was right! We had been married eighteen years that day. I was so overcome at my own perfidy and thoughtlessness that I just stood and let her go off with Bukari in the direction of the lions. No doubt she had a secret hope that one of the beasts would eat her and thus fill me with remorse for the rest of my life. But it didn't and she was back safely in time for lunch.

"I don't feel right," I told her when she came in.

"Shouldn't think you would," she retorted.

But I didn't mean that way. My legs were wobbly and my head reminded me a good deal of a toy balloon. Osa took my temperature; it was 102°. I tried facetiously to say it was her fault. But it didn't help. Fever had hit me again and I went to bed with the dismal rain pattering on our tent fly.

The experience was nothing new to me. In contrast it is interesting that Osa has never had fever during all the years of our wanderings through the South Sea Islands and Borneo. She has never taken any quinine or other specific against it. And she goes right along wherever our party goes, fully confident that no fever bug will ever get her. Indeed, she has never even been seasick. I have told her more than once that such health as hers is almost indecent in the way it humiliates the rest of us.



"CAN'T YOU LET A FELLOW EAT IN PEACE?"

This pair did not seem very hungry. There were twenty-eight lions in sight, but none of them came up very close while these two huskies were around. Both growled and lashed their tails and showed very plainly that they would not tolerate anyone coming to their meat.

We now had about a week of hard rain. Osa spent much of her time, swathed in oilskins, puttering in her garden. When the rain would let up for a few hours she would take her camera and go out for a few shots at the plains animals. At such times she always took her gunbearer with her in case she stirred up lions.

From time to time she saw lions; but she tried to avoid the dongas in which we knew they lived because she did not wish to disturb them until I was up and about with the moving picture machine.

When I finally got to my feet again I did not feel up to serious lion work. I wanted to get back into shape before going after important pictures. This may seem imagination on my part, and a case of pure temperament. But I am sure that with a beast as highly organized nervously as the lion it is very important for the hunter or photographer to be sensitive to values so small and invisible that he seems to act more by instinct than by conscious judgment.

I figured that it would be a salutary thing for me to go out and take a few film shots at a herd of giraffe that had wandered up near the camp. Probably there was a lurking suspicion in my mind that I might fall into a lion kill, which in the case of giraffe would be a most dramatic bit of action.

The light was perfect and I was using a new eight

and one-quarter inch lens that I had bought in New York especially for this trip.

By working down to leeward Osa and Bukari and I got to within a few hundred yards of the giraffe without their seeing us. They were on a bit of open plain with no heavy grass that could conceal lions and yet plenty of herbage for their grazing. There were half a dozen adults and several youngsters. The latter sighted us first and began to wander in our direction to see what we were. This excited the parent giraffes who trotted nervously after their young. But they were unable to call or signal the infants back because the giraffe can make no sort of sound. As a result they were all soon close enough for us to make some good pictures.

I set up my tripod and began to work. But on the first picture or two the lens seemed unsteady. By the time I had tightened the screws that held it the giraffes had moved back from us. That is one of the maddening aspects of big game photography; just when one gets the animals in the right place something is likely to happen with one's gear.

By careful stalking, taking care not to move in a straight line, we managed to get up close to the herd again. This time the young giraffe were more timid than before and clustered around one of the adult females. The old bull who seemed to be the leader was distinctly apprehensive. I know that he

did not think we were lions, because lions usually hunt at night. But he did not like the way we were pursuing his party. However, the very nervousness of the animals gave them a dramatic flavor which was exactly what I wanted for my camera.

Just as I was about to open my shutter I noticed a piece of black velvet paper inside the sunshade. It had curled up in such a way as to obscure part of the lens.

"Hurry up!" whispered Osa. "They're getting ready to leave."

I was hurrying all I could; and told her so as loudly as I dared. My hand was shaking and my heart pumping from my recent illness. But by the time I had got the piece of paper off my lens I looked up and found the giraffes were moving away again.

Once more we patiently got into position. Bukari sauntered slowly off to one side so that the herd would be grouped as closely as possible. And Osa watched the animals to tell me just when I might be sure to get the arrangement that would be most effective. I, meanwhile, puttered over my camera to be absolutely sure that the new lens was working this time so that our morning would give a profit at least in one or two excellent giraffe pictures. I felt a little giddy, not from renewed fever but from weakness of convalescence.

But, just as I was all ready, the confounded

diaphragm stuck and I could not close it down to proper exposure!

Osa was nervously shifting from one foot to the other and making faces at me. I made faces back at her; but that didn't help the camera any.

In a futile rage I repaired the camera again and again we followed the giraffes. I know Bukari thought I had lost all power over what he called my "magic box." I felt sicker than ever.

A whole hour passed before we got the herd again into position. The four o'clock sun was shining on them and there was an artistic mass of big rocks at just the right spot in the background. One baby giraffe trotted forward and paused right in the center. It was a sight for a painter, with light tones and shadows exactly right. But I was tottering on my feet.

And then the diaphragm stuck!

I could feel Bukari and Osa glaring at me as the giraffes all looked up. But I didn't care; I was too far gone in my feeble wrath to care about anything at that moment.

"All right, damn you!" I shouted at the camera.

The bull giraffe jumped sidewise about ten feet and the cows scrambled back to his protection. Comically the baby giraffe—to the horror of his mother—trotted up to within fifty feet of me as if answering my call.

Then my fever-racked nerves gave way altogether. I seized the camera by its nose—which happened to be my three hundred dollar lens. The nose came off in my hand. In my temporary lunacy I shut my eyes and hurled it from me as hard as I could throw. When it was well off on its trajectory I opened my eyes in time to see it strike against the trunk of a nearby tree and smash into a thousand pieces. Childish it seems now; but then, as I write, I have not just spent an entire day creeping after a herd of giraffe; nor are my nerves unstrung by a week of raging fever.

We walked home in silence, neither Bukari nor Osa making the slightest mention of what had gone on. She said afterward she expected me to collapse at any moment. Three weeks later she brought the subject up herself, and gave me the well-deserved dressing down that she had feared to administer while I was still in the heat of my fury; she didn't mind my breaking the lens, but she was annoyed by my going back to work too soon after fever. She was right, as the African traveler must learn.

To cap the climax of that day—or almost to cap it—Osa walked into the dining tent just before supper and came out as if someone had hurled her through the door. As my nerves were still raw I was too startled at her behavior to speak or act.

She ran to her sleeping tent and came out a mo-

ment later with her shotgun. She said something in a low tone as she hurried past me, something that I neither caught nor tried to understand. I felt weak and dizzy and hoped that if there were to be trouble she could handle it single-handed.

She slipped in through the door of the dining tent and the next instant its fabric sides bellied with the explosion of her gun. She emerged carrying the heavy body of a five-foot black cobra on the barrel of her gun.

"We didn't invite *him* to our party!" was her only comment.

Now the whole country changed its dress after the sunshine. We could once more go ahead with our lions. We awakened next morning to a full clear day without rain, with a green tint to all the vegetations. Best of all, standing water of the previous freshets had seeped down through the light soil, leaving us a flat hard surface over which to travel. After a good sleep I felt more like my old self again.

With Bukari in the car we set out towards a donga about two miles away where we had heard lions during the night. We stopped on the edge of it but saw none of them. Cautiously we crossed over, avoiding the patches of deep grass lest they conceal lions.

Just as we were coming up on the farther bank we sighted an old grandmother lioness quietly watching

us. She didn't seem angry at our intrusion; but she was thoroughly curious as to who and what we were.

As we approached her she got up and moved on, walking leisurely and glancing back at us over her shoulder. We followed about a hundred feet behind, keeping our speed down so that she would not feel we were hostile in our intentions.

As we got to higher ground we saw that the lioness had been watching some zebra which were grazing nearby. I suppose she thought that in due time her appetite would sharpen and that it was nice to have the next meal right there in sight.

But in spite of the fact that we were driving as slowly and quietly as possible the silly zebras took fright and stampeded, kicking up their heels and snapping at one another as they fled. This was not a pleasant sight to the lioness. She looked thoroughly disgusted and glared angrily in our direction for what we had done.

"Hope she doesn't try to take it out on us," said Osa in a low tone.

To be on the safe side I had Bukari get the rifle ready in case the animal charged. We always had to be prepared, no matter how indifferent and lazy the lions seemed. Time and again they changed their mood in the fraction of a second and made us stand to our guns.

But the lioness was not that angry yet. She found

the sun too hot for excitement, I think; and no doubt she wasn't hungry enough to be irritable. She walked off to one side, watching us to see if we were going to follow. We waited. Then she climbed an ant hill and lay down in some grass that sprouted near its top.

This made a perfect pose for a picture: the lioness mounted on a natural pedestal and with a pleasing growth of mimosa just behind her. No professional photographer could have placed her in a better position as regards light or height.

"Let's see how close we can get," I whispered to Osa.

As she threw the car into gear again I took my crank and prepared to turn out film.

As the ant hill was about five feet high the lioness was just exactly right for my lens. At every few yards Osa would stop and let me grind out some more film.

Finally the front wheels were touching the anthill. Still the lioness didn't move. It was a miracle of animal stubbornness that the old lady refused to budge. Osa turned to me and grinned. She was afraid to speak lest she disturb the wonderful picture I was getting.

I thought we had gone as close as the car would permit. But I got a surprise when Osa shifted the gear again and actually drove the front wheels two

feet up the mound and stopped. By this time the lioness was only a foot from the radiator. She could have reached out her paw and touched it.

As I write this I realize how silly it sounds, when one considers the average ferocity of the lion. Any good-natured cat or dog would have moved out of the way when the car came as close as it did to that old lioness. Why she did not do so, I can only hazard a guess. Perhaps it was only a sort of lion perversity that was somehow akin to the ruthless cruelty that is latent in all of these beasts. But stay she did; and she didn't show the slightest sign of alarm beyond blinking her big brown eyes at us and yawning once or twice.

It was cases of this sort—rare as they were—that gave me ground for opinions about the eyes of lions. I have studied many lions in cages in zoos and in circuses. I have yet to see one that had a truly good-natured eye, such as is often seen in other animals. Not that I would say that some of the old tame caged lions have fierce eyes; but none that I have ever seen carried a mildness and friendliness in their looks that would cause me ever to trust them. That's the reason, as will later in this book be demonstrated, that we never dared trust any of the lions that we became so intimate with in Africa.

I was using a six-inch lens when I started photographing the old lioness. Then I changed to a four

and finally to a two-inch lens—the shortest focus that I possess. By this time I could not get in her entire body. Surely no traveller ever got so close to a wild lion before—and lived to tell the tale. To be sure we were in a car. But that wouldn't have saved us from being torn to pieces had the lioness chosen to attack.

Presently she seemed to know that I had finished photographing her. She got up slowly, stretched and yawned and walked off the anthill and into the grass. We did not pursue her.

It was a delightful experience. But I do not recommend it to the average sportsman or photographer unless he is fully able to cope with a charge if it comes. The lioness is a lady, no doubt; but she has a temper like fifty wildcats rolled into one and the strength of at least four ogresses if aroused. And experience has shown that a lion will enter an automobile for his victim if he chooses.

CHAPTER VIII

ROOSEVELT puts it clearly when he says: "Usually a lion, when it does charge, charges with the utmost determination." This is true; for nothing short of death will stop him, and death does not come easily to a lion. Indeed I have seen some keep coming after legs and head and lungs have all been punctured by high-velocity heavy caliber projectiles.

Our greatest danger was only indirectly from the lions; directly it was from ourselves—that our caution should become numbed by constant intimacy with beasts who did not choose to charge.

It was lucky for us, therefore, that recurrently we had narrow escapes. They kept us tuned up to a decent alertness. Moreover, they polished our judgment.

Osa had one of the first of our bad moments. I confess I don't even like to write about the incident; it came too near to ending our expedition then and there. Yet I shouldn't feel that way, for our years in Africa and in the neighborhood of lions had taught us that one can never safely take any chances with

these uncertain devils, or relax one's caution for a single instant.

It happened one morning some days after we had emerged from the rains and I from my fever. We started out as usual, with Osa and myself in the front seat where I drove. Bukari sat in the back, alone; or, if we had picked up a guide from one of the wandering tribes, the guide sat with him. Osa must be by me, and free to look about, for she always sees game before any native.

Of course when we get to the game that we wish to photograph we have to change positions. Osa takes the wheel while Bukari sits in front with her holding the gun. I go in the back and man my camera, the guide keeping out of my way as best he can. If we have to stalk the game, it is the guide's job to carry the camera until I set up.

On this morning we went for nearly fifteen miles across country without seeing a single lion. Then Osa spotted four in the open; but they trotted away. This was not unexpected because the lion is a wary creature and will usually retire unless he is near cover. Almost invariably when we got lions to sit for their pictures it was when they were alongside good cover. They probably feel they can afford to take a chance if they can reach a hiding place in a few bounds.

Near the lions some zebra were grazing. It

interested me to note that the zebra showed no particular excitement, although they must have clearly seen the lions. I have noticed this before: that where grazing herds are constantly under the threat of beasts of prey they do not appear so nervous when the latter are in sight as when they are near but invisible. I suppose the reason is that the grazing animals soon learn to tell when their enemy is hunting and are able to figure just about how much chance there is of their being attacked. But the moment the lion starts for his victim the whole herd instantly goes into a mad panic and flees. What a curious life it must be, knowing that one may fall at any moment into the clutches of a visible enemy only a few yards away. Luckily, the grazing animals are temperamentally equal to the strain; a man would grow gray-headed and anemic under similar circumstances.

A little farther on we came upon a healthy young male lion who was apparently a bigamist. He had with him two lionesses, one about to become a mother. However, the young lion was anything but gallant, for he and one lioness made at top speed for the nearest grass about a mile away, leaving the expectant mother to work out her own salvation. She seemed to realize that she was in no condition to run, for she trotted over to a nearby patch of grass and lay down as much out of sight as possible.

We carefully circled away from her so as not to disturb her and hurried after the young lion.

Though little is known about the breeding habits of lions, this month of March and the month of November seem to be the times when most cubs are born. The period of gestation is about one hundred and eight days. I am told that a litter has as high as five young in it sometimes; but I have never seen more than two cubs with a lioness after she emerges from her lair.

As far as polygamy goes, it is no doubt frequently practised by lions. Some of the males we saw had three and even four lionesses in the vicinity. But "polyandry" seems to be equally prevalent when the lady is charming enough. Once we saw three lions with one lioness. I suspect the lions give little thought to courtship until a passing mood overwhelms them. Then they are opportunists, and the survival of the fittest is the rule that governs who shall be the lucky suitor. So much time and attention is given to killing and eating that the love life of a lion is somewhat a side issue.

Three minutes after the young lion had run away I had to revise my opinion of his character. We had just got clear of the lioness he had left behind when, Bukari reached over and plucked at my sleeve.

"The young man returns," he said.

I glanced behind Osa and saw that sure enough the lion was loping along on our quarter apparently intending to head us off and have a proper reckoning if we had done any damage to his lady.

I slowed the car and shifted places with Osa, ready to make pictures in case the young lion "behaved" for us. Bukari held the gun ready for trouble.

The lion slowed down to a trot, and then to a walk. His tail was waving and his lower lip drawn down in a snarl. He moved with the peculiar threatening motions which a lion uses before it charges. His head was lower than his shoulders and his feet took almost mincing steps.

"I want him," I told Osa.

So she stopped the car while I trained the camera on the lion. Because he seemed to be in such a towering rage it was not safe to let him go uncovered for an instant. Both Osa and Bukari had their rifles ready.

He gave me beautiful action—"behaved" as Osa calls it. I have rarely seen a lion so angry. Possibly part of his fury was due to his mortification at having abandoned the lioness whom he should have protected. She was still lying nearby, almost out of sight but able to see clearly the fine show her defender was putting up. Though he did not deign to look around at her, I think he was making sure out of

the corner of his eye that she knew what he was doing.

I was going to have Osa move the car up a little closer when the lion did the trick for me by suddenly running a few steps toward us. Then he slowly walked away, only to turn and make another short charge in our direction. He seemed to be daring us to attack him. He crouched down and waited with lashing tail for us to accept his challenge.

Finally he walked away about two hundred yards and lay down with his eyes on us. Osa started the car and we moved up again to less than fifty yards. As the car bumped slowly forward the lion fairly trembled with rage. Again I was able to get some beautiful film.

I don't know what the outcome of the situation would have been had we not just then had an interruption.

"Another lion, Bwana," said the watchful Bukari in a low tone.

"Where?" I asked, not taking my eyes off the angry one on which I was focused.

"They come on the other side. There are two of them."

Osa glanced over her shoulder. "They're beauties, Martin," she said. "Let this young fellow go."

With a last turn of the crank I looked in the direction Bukari was pointing. About three hundred



BRIDE AND GROOM

The finest lion we ever photographed, or saw. He and his mate remained under one tree for two days without leaving. During that time we photographed them from every angle. Never did they even lash their tails at us. For the most part they were not curious. In fact they never looked at us except when we moved closer or when we backed away. A perfect lady and gentleman Osa called them.

yards away I saw a lioness accompanied by an old dark-maned lion trotting along toward us.

"Uncle John and Aunt Emma," chuckled Osa.

Perhaps she was more correct than she thought; for the two elder lions might well have been related to the other three. We backed slowly away from the young lion, feeling lucky not to draw his charge and stopped to let the older ones draw up. When we did this the young lion gave a final threatening growl and started up the hill, followed by the lioness who had been hiding. So there was to be no brawl, at any rate.

When the two old ones did not stop, we started the car and followed them at a distance of about a hundred feet. They both glanced back over their shoulders as if curious to know why a rhino should pursue them, but kept on without breaking their gait.

Presently they stopped to investigate us more closely. When the old lioness started away again the lion, after hesitating for a moment, trotted after her. We followed again, expecting that they would do the usual thing and go into a nearby donga and wait under cover until they had made us out. As they were neither frightened nor hostile this would be good and customary lion tactics.

The lioness did enter the donga; but for some unaccountable reason the big old lion did not follow

her. He made no sound, and absolutely no indication of hostility escaped his perfect poise. After a brief reflection, he seemed to think some sort of stratagem was required. Instead of following the lioness he kept on the low ridge parallel to the donga and ran along for a few hundred yards. Coming to an open space in the shallow ravine he trotted down and across and out on the open plain beyond.

We had absolutely no cause to expect trouble. As the old fellow had a magnificent mane and a fine build I wanted to get some pictures of him, if possible. So I had Osa follow him with the car. But he had more staying power, or at least more patience, than I had given him credit for. He led us a merry chase for half a mile across the plain until another donga showed up ahead. At the edge of it he paused and growled a warning.

I suppose that we should have reasoned that he would not be so theatrical as the young lion, and that a warning from such a patriarch was one to be heeded. But both Osa and I had become so enthusiastic about him by this time that we not only wanted pictures but we had decided that he should be one of the two or three lions that we planned to take home with us.

"You can get him if you want," I told her.

"You bet I want him!" she exclaimed. "Just look at his mane!"

So while the lion was standing there still growling Osa hopped out with her rifle in her hand. The distance between her and the lion was perhaps one hundred yards, too short for real safety.

I say this because a lion will charge from a distance of over two hundred yards when in open country. He may come at only a trot during the early part of his charge, but he soon breaks into a gallop that outspeeds a fast horse. I am told by men who have taken time that the charging lion can cover the last hundred yards in about three seconds.

Roosevelt observed that a horse standing a hundred yards from a lion will be overtaken before it can get into its full gallop.

When Osa hopped out of the car the lion turned and trotted slowly away, looking back over his shoulder. He may have instinctively tried to lure her far enough from the car to avoid having to meet more than one enemy at a time.

She followed, running faster than the lion did and so overtaking him until the distance between them was not over seventy-five yards.

"Don't get so close," I yelled at her, thoroughly disturbed at what I saw.

Seizing my rifle out of Bukari's hand I sprang from the car and ran after her.

There was no time to reason out what might happen; but I knew the terrible consequences if the

lion came for Osa and she failed to drop him at the first or second shot.

"Wait!" I called to Osa.

But she kept on, and the lion kept on—though he now slowed almost to a walk. I think Osa was about to stop and take aim, hoping to get in a good shot before the situation became more complicated. Surely she had every reason to believe that the lion was taking the passive side in the action.

Then, suddenly, and absolutely without warning, the lion whirled about and came full speed for Osa.

I think my heart stopped absolutely still at the sight. But she stood her ground. Her rifle flashed to her shoulder and she fired when the lion was about half-way to her, or something more than thirty yards away. However, it was a flash shot and she had not time to take any sort of aim. I saw by the unchecked speed of the lion that either she had missed or that the bullet had not struck in a vital spot.

It is just at this point that so many gruesome tragedies have occurred in lion hunting. The one who has shot at and missed the lion hasn't time to get in another good shot before the lion makes his final spring. And even if the hunter does shoot again, and strike a fatal spot, such is the terrific vitality of the lion, that he will close in and maul the person's body before he dies.

I had an instantaneous and horrible vision of that last frightful scene before I could get my rifle to my shoulder and pull the trigger. I make no pretense at being an unerring marksman, and the lion was moving at the speed of a greyhound. In little more than the time it would take my bullet to reach him he would be upon Osa, tearing at her helpless body with his long sharp claws and closing his fangs upon her head. For that is the way a lion kills: he seizes his victim with his forepaws and then bites either at their neck or face. Natives who have been killed by lions are often found with their skulls punctured by the powerful teeth of the beast.

I wasn't conscious of aiming. Time was too short to be strictly conscious of any act. I fired.

I suppose all four of us, Osa and I and the two boys, must have presented a picture of extraordinary concentration at that dramatic moment. And our relief must have been equally extraordinary. For simultaneously, it seemed with the discharge of my gun, the lion rolled over dead. His limp body lay so close to Osa that she could reach out and touch it with her rifle. More by luck, I think, than any thing else my bullet had struck him squarely in his forehead and penetrated his brain, killing him instantly.

A momentary weakness came over me; Osa seemed paralyzed. But the next instant she came to with a

surprising reaction. She turned on me like a flash and cried angrily:

"Now, why did you do that, Martin! I wanted to shoot him! He was my lion! And now you've gone and killed him. In another second I'd have shot again and he would have been my second lion and I would have promised never to have shot another!"

All I could do was to mop my brow. Then weakly I lied:

"You did shoot him, Osa. It was your bullet killed him."

But she was inconsolable and while the boys skinned the beast she complained heavily at what she called my "lack of self-control!"

When we got back to camp she had the bullet cut out to prove that it was my .405 that did the trick, and not her Springfield. That evening while she was watching the skin being scraped of all flesh by Ponda Ponda, one of our skinners, a Wakoma came past and stopped to look at the trophy. He had just come into camp, and knowing that I practically never shoot because I am always busy with my "Magic Box," he said in a friendly tone to Osa:

"*Mama, piga Simba?*" meaning, "Did the lady shoot the lion?"

Osa whirled on him and said angrily: "No. *Papa piga Simba!*"

The exchange made the boys laugh, which made Osa madder than ever. Natives out here on the plains don't use the polite "Memsab" and "Bwana"—Madame and Sir—but have caught the simple "Papa" and "Mama." (They pronounce it "poppa" and "momma," which makes it more comical than ever.)

Osa says she is "Mamma" to half the blacks in Africa! However, I was glad enough to have her alive at all that night and I had a sneaking feeling that she ought to be of the same mind.

CHAPTER IX

I AM always surprised when I see men who think they can improve on Nature. What artificial setting can ever equal the casual frame in which Nature puts her wild life? What marionette could ever trick the senses into even half-reality? There is no grace equal to that of the creature in its jungle lair. No beauty that exceeds the plains at dawn. No artificial drama, humor, pathos, suffering, triumph, joy or grief ever held the vividness of Nature's own.

A few days later I was aroused from my last catnap before our tea came in by a chattering down near the cook tent. At first I thought a lot of monkeys had come into camp. Then it occurred to me that the cook might be having trouble with his assistants and my porters were taking sides. So I roused out and stuck my head through the tent door.

To my surprise I saw that the number of blacks in the camp had more than doubled.

"We have visitors," said Bukari when he saw I was up. "They will pass on when we wish."

"Well, tell them we wish it now," said I as I got

a whiff of the newcomers. I knew by their odor that they were one of the small wandering tribes that inhabit the rolling country of southern Tanganyika. They have a few sheep which the lions prey upon; and they themselves now and then fall victims to the lions. But aimlessly they wander about in their strange nomadic lives.

They were a naked crowd. A few wore poor ornaments in their ears or necklaces around their necks. Their only arms were a few spears. Their headdress was particularly repulsive. The custom among them is to mix oil from the wild castor bean with red clay and smear it into their hair and over their bodies. They think it beautifies their hair and it keeps insects from biting their bodies. Of course the resulting mess is dreadful to behold.

Their headman or chief was an old fellow of about sixty. He had a face lined with a thousand wrinkles and across one black shoulder bore deep scars where a lion had mauled him.

"He says he knows where there are many lions," Bukari told me by way of introduction. He added a word to the Chief, who bowed and began voluble explanations in his own tongue.

"How far away?" I asked suspiciously.

I had in past years had experience with natives who insist on being guides to find game. They want to be paid in advance—a sign of civilization. And if

the game is not there when they get to the place in which they hope to find it their alibi is simply: "Well, it was here two days ago!"

A lot of talk ensued. Distance is a matter of relativity among the blacks. It depends on how the weather is, how hungry they are, how many wives the chief is courting, and how much they are being paid.

"He says it is not far," explained Bukari after a bit.

But I wasn't satisfied and told him so. Whereupon about ten minutes of hot argument followed. Finally Bukari admitted that it might be as far as we could go in one day in the truck. I took fifty miles as the figure and promptly refused.

This time there was a terrific flow of language from the Chief. Finally Bukari confided that he thought the Chief really knew what he was talking about; and that if I should let him take us to a certain valley I might see more lions at one time than I had seen yet. After listening to Bukari's quiet and persuasive talk for a while I finally asked Osa what she thought about it.

"I have a hunch we ought to go," she said.

Well, when Osa has a hunch I follow it to the last ditch. She is right more times than any woman I have ever known, even counting the time she got us stuck in the river.

The main objection was that the country between us and the Chief's valley was very rough. We should have to take all the cars in order to carry enough camp gear; and at least half of the boys. I should have liked to have made a foot safari as we used to do out of our Lake Paradise base; but I didn't have enough porters.

Secretly wondering just how big a mistake I was making I packed all that afternoon. We put up three tents in the truck. Osa, who is our commissary officer, had the "chop" or food boxes filled. She has a system that makes it possible for the cook to unpack in the dark if necessary and know exactly where everything is. And she makes him put everything back in exactly the same place again when we break camp in the morning. In this way we always have plenty of pots and pans, and Osa is able to tell at any time just how much food we have left before we have to send back to the base for more.

We started just at sunrise the following morning. I was on the outlook for lions from the moment we got away. We had heard them roaring around the night before, and there was always the chance that we might get exactly what we wanted before leaving the neighborhood of the camp.

As a matter of fact I saw a hyena limp by us just as we rounded the rocks that lay in the rear of our cook tent. No doubt the fellow had ventured too

close to a feeding lion in the night and had been cuffed or bitten for his rashness.

It may seem strange that the hyena, which is small and not particularly able to defend itself, should ever show impertinence to the King of Beasts; but he does. Not only the hyena, but the wild dog and the jackal, are known to take chances with lions that no other jungle animals would dare take.

However, if the intruder is ever caught he pays dearly for his carelessness. It is said on fairly good authority in some parts of Africa that the lion has been known to bite the feet off hyenas which interfere with its meal, and then leave the poor mutilated animal to its fate. The great traveler Andersson actually saw a hyena walking about on four stumps which were all that were left of the creature's feet!

We saw our first lions about twenty miles from camp, an unusual scarcity for some reason or other. We had come to a salt lake about three hundred yards wide and about a mile long. The water in it was so saturated with alkali that it resembled starch paste. Lying on the edge were two lovely lionesses, like a pair of flappers waiting for their beaux. They were very coy when we approached them and looked first at one another, and then away from us. If they had had on their best clothes and jewelry they could not have acted in a more self-conscious way. They gave not the slightest sign of hostility, but

rather seemed to enjoy the attention we paid them. This attention consisted mostly of getting out both our still and moving picture cameras and making shots of them at various angles.

When we finished we carefully circled the lionesses so that they would not think we had been playing a trick on them and went on our way. A few miles further on we came to a regular Arizona "painted desert." There were rocky hills in pinks and grays and blues that spread out for miles in every direction. The dryness brought out the tints of the varying strata of rock. Yet there was enough moisture to support a good number of mimosa and thorn trees, which showed green and brown against a variegated background. Then and there I vowed that on my next trip to these parts I would take color pictures of such scenes in order to bring back the full values of the beauty which an African plain has.

About noon our guide began to get excited.

"We shall be there soon," he told Bukari. "Has the white man a bright eye?"

Bukari reported this literally to me, and interpreted the question as one aimed at my marksmanship.

"Tell him my eye is in the magic box," I replied. But I noticed that the Chief was scrutinizing our supply of firearms. No doubt he knew the value of protection when taking liberties with the big cats.

He soon directed us towards a small flat valley that was flanked by rocky outcrops on both sides and then petered out into a very rough area that might have been the bed of a dry stream except that the rocks showed no sign of attrition by water.

Next we began to climb to higher ground. It was terrible going for the cars; every minute I expected one of them would break a spring or an axle. Now we were in a sort of hanging garden, a lovely spot with rock rabbits scurrying around and vari-colored birds twittering in the trees.

At the suggestion of the Chief we camped here. It didn't seem very well protected. But he pointed out that there was plenty of thorn bush for a boma, and that there was a little spring just below us. As water was scarce I thought we might as well take a chance on the lions.

In the twinkling of an eye Osa prepared a delicious cold lunch for me. Her enthusiasm and her confidence that we were going to see a lot of lions cheered me up.

Soon as we had eaten we sped off in Osa's car, taking the Chief, Bukari and one gun bearer.

"It is a valley of reeds, he says is the place," said Bukari.

The Chief was leaning forward now in great excitement and almost taking the steering wheel out of my hand. The trouble was that he didn't take

much stock in the fallibility of the automobile. He seemed to think that if a vehicle were miracle enough to run of its own accord, with no visible means of locomotion, it certainly was magic enough not to mind any little thing like a few boulders.

After crossing two bad dongas we came to a third that tallied with the description which Bukari had got from the Chief. It was a small shallow gorge only about four hundred yards across. But it was very long, possibly several miles from end to end. At the part where we entered, tall reeds, some of them twelve feet, grew in thick clusters that made ideal hiding places for lions.

As if reading my thoughts Osa turned and said: "I hope there are no hungry lions in here, Martin."

To add to the beauty of the place, all around the edge of the donga grew low palm trees whose leaves swayed gracefully in the afternoon breeze. They gave the spot a mysterious atmosphere, as if it were a stage setting for some tale out of the Arabian Nights.

To my surprise there was some game about, though scarce. And it was not the kind of game that we ordinarily associated with lions. There were Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle (Tommies), topi and kongoni. We had long ago found that the lion preferred giraffe, zebra and wildebeeste on his bill-of-fare.

Then our big moment came.

We had just entered the lower end of the donga when the Chief seized my arm and pointed ahead and a little to the right.

"*Simba!*" he hissed in my ear.

It was a big lioness. She sprang to her feet as we drove slowly up, and disappeared into the reeds. A smaller one rose behind where she had been lying and followed her into hiding. I had an uncomfortable feeling that we might be charged at any moment. But the only thing we could do was to have our rifles ready for anything.

Then Osa burst out with: "For heaven's sake, *look!*"

I know she couldn't help it because I felt like cheering myself.

Right ahead of us on a small rise and partly covered by the gentle shade of a spreading mimosa were fifteen lions. There were a lioness and several half-grown cubs in one bunch; five full-grown lions with small manes; several other lionesses with their consorts about them; and finally, joy of joys, four of the finest big males with glorious taffy-colored manes that we had ever seen.

The sight of such beautiful manes pleased us enormously because one can never tell when a lion is going to have a good mane. Some naturalists say that manes are grown in high countries as a protec-

tion against the cold. Some say that in bush country the lion tears his mane out by rubbing it through thorns and branches. But none of these rules seem to hold consistently. So it is always a great sight for the photographer to find himself confronted by just the kind of mane he knows "will make a lion look like a lion." And here were four of them in front of us.

I saw at once that the lions were not hostile, though it was pretty clear they were in doubt as to what kind of creature we were. Some were curious enough to get up and begin to walk around to where they could get our wind. Others just lay there blinking at us in blissful and well-fed indifference as to whether we were good to eat or not. So long as they weren't hungry it made no difference!

Of course, the first thing I did was to unlimber the camera and begin cranking away for all I was worth.

Osa stood by with her rifle ready for trouble; while Bukari whispered warnings to the Chief who insisted on making boastful sounds for having been so correct in his prediction that he could lead us to a "lot" of lions.

There is something peculiar about lions when they are being photographed. They often get very self-conscious; and, when one considers their strength and ferocity, it is one of the most comical things in

the world to watch. No doubt a lumberman getting measured for a dress suit would wear the same expression.

This crowd looked that way more than any we had seen; which was another sign that they lived unmolested lives, for a lion is very quick to grow suspicious of man if he has had trouble with one before. For instance, they carefully avoided looking at us. Three who were nearest us got up deliberately and walked away a few feet and lay down again. They kept together and made sure they were facing the camera, but their eyes were any place but on us.

One of them seemed to have caught our scent. He rose and walked entirely around the car with his nose close to the ground. Once or twice he gave low growls, but they were not especially ill-natured; just gentle little threats to let us know that we'd better not try any funny business on him.

While this fellow was nosing around, moving his head this way and that like a dog, a husky young lion came up through the donga behind a bunch of reeds that concealed him from the first lion. We could see both of them, but they couldn't see one another. However, the old lion could hear the young one and must have thought it was a buck for instantly he lay flat on his belly and began to stalk in that direction. As the light breeze was blowing

across their path I think that neither got a whiff of the other. Almost at the same time the other began also to stalk.

Inch by inch the two lions crept silently toward one another. It was astonishing how noiselessly they could move through the dry reeds. And it was amusing to us who could see and understand the mistake that each was making.

Suddenly both lions came face to face. And if a lion can look sheepish that pair certainly did. They rose up at once and stared blankly into each other's eyes for about twenty seconds; each, I suppose, trying to pretend he was stalking something else altogether and annoyed that the other fellow was interfering. Then the younger one slunk away while the older began to stalk our car again.

I was, of course, making pictures all the time, and having perfect light for my work. When the big fellow was only fifteen feet from us and still circling with his massive head close to the ground Osa and Bukari got their guns up and trained on him ready to shoot if he made a move to spring. It was a ticklish situation, but one so gorgeous for making pictures that we just had to take a chance on trouble.

Finally, however, he seemed to tire of the game and with a snort of disgust went off and threw himself down with a grunt, on *top* of three other younger lions! I suppose this was a species of lion humor;

I know it made the others gasp as it must have knocked the wind out of them. They rolled clear and after sniffing at the old fellow to see if he had anything to tell them about their next meal, they went off a few yards and lay down for another doze.

Osa now put the car in low and slowly ran closer to the lions. We both realized that if the beasts made a concerted attack we should never get out alive. We might knock one or two of them over with our rifles. But most of them would be all over and in the car tearing us to pieces long before we could possibly make our fusillade count.

Lest the reader think I am exaggerating our peril let me quote from Sir Alfred Pease who spent many years in lion country:

“Incredulity has been expressed as to some of the instances given of the agility of lions. For instance, where I describe lions jumping in and out of thorn zaribas, ten, twelve or even more feet in height, I did not intend to convey the impression that lions flew over fences of this height like horses flying hurdles. These zaribas are fences made of cut thorns and branches stacked up high, they are very rough and dense, and a lion no doubt obtains sufficient foothold on the sides to reach the fairly broad top, something after the manner in which a cat gains the top of a high wall. Again, as regards the statement that over forty feet has been measured as the

distance covered by a lion in his bound, this bound was measured by two of my friends on my farm at Kitanga, who made it considerably more than forty feet, and I must still further shock the skeptical by adding that it was on fairly level ground, and that the lion had an ostrich in his mouth. Why is it incredible that a lion can jump nearly twice as far as a man, or as far as a horse? I have read in the newspapers that Mr. G. Hunter's 'Marcolica,' whilst being schooled at Wetherby, jumped forty-two feet over hurdles, and that a horse belonging to Mr. Julian Morris cleared a fence four feet, six inches high by a foot, taking off seventeen feet in front of the fence and landing fourteen feet in front beyond it, with one hundred and seventy pounds on his back. What is the use of trying to throw doubt on this case by stating what hand-reared or menagerie lions can do or can not do in confinement?"

Our nearness now definitely disturbed the lions. They weren't the least bit afraid; nor were they exactly annoyed. But they must have felt that our physical presence only thirty feet away put a potential trouble among them.

Their first move was to sit up on their haunches and for the first time to watch us narrowly, blinking and lowering their heads like a near-sighted man trying to recognize some one who has spoken to him on the street.

"I think now they have us," said Bukari quietly. Brave as he was, the expression on the nearest lion's scowling face worried him.

Osa stopped the car. For a few moments the lions continued to stare at us. Then two of them began rough-housing one another. They wrestled with their forepaws, growled and rolled each other over and over, mouthing one another's neck and head and shoulders as if they were tearing an enemy to pieces. But it was only in fun; and when they got through they nosed one another and purred, which is no doubt the lion way of shaking hands after a bout. This skylarking had the effect of quieting the others.

Meanwhile the light continued perfect and the four lions with the big manes did not move from the center of my focus. I photographed them standing and in groups; rolling and playing and in every conceivable position.

Every few minutes I would get Osa to whistle to them so that they would prick up their ears and cock their heads first on one side and then on the other. Gradually Osa and I began to talk in natural tones of voice. I made a lot of noise changing the plates of my still camera. But by this time the lions had got so used to our presence that they paid less and less attention.

"Look pleasant, please!" I shouted when the big-

gest of the four maned lions came a few feet forward and yawned right into my lens.

He stopped in the middle of his yawn and curled his upper lip into the nearest thing to a grin that I have ever seen in an animal.

"He's trying to, Martin," laughed Osa.

Whereupon the lion swung his shoulders to the right and his head to the left, his tongue lolling foolishly out of the corner of his mouth, and his big eyes blinking. The next moment he swung his shoulders left and his head right, for all the world like an actor trying himself in front of his dressing room mirror.

"Hold it!" I sang out. "That's fine!"

He cocked his head almost upside down in curiosity.

One of the lionesses came up to see what he was doing. She rubbed against his side and purred and looked from him to us. After a moment he deigned to notice her. He rose and nudged her gently with his nose, and gave a low growl. Osa said she could hear him tell that lady:

"Now just go back and make yourself comfortable, my dear. A woman doesn't understand this sort of thing; she doesn't have that kind of brain."

At any rate the lioness took the hint and went off and made herself comfortable rolling in the rough stubble while her lord and master continued his vain antics before my camera. I finally began to be

afraid that I'd use up all my film on the old fellow if he didn't stop tempting me.

"Shoo him away," I told Osa.

To my intense surprise the lion instantly got my change in tone. His smug posturing ceased abruptly and he sprang to all four feet with a rude growl. I suppose that he was insulted to think that I wasn't appreciating what he, the King, was doing for me.

But the growl had the desired effect. Like a lot of loafers the others at once rose and trotted forward to see if anything like a fight were going to start. I could see that Bukari and the Chief were getting nervous again. The former was fingering his rifle and not taking his eye off the nearest lion. Osa put her piece to her shoulder and took aim. But, as before, the ferocious group before us soon quieted down and began to nose one another playfully. However, the big fellow was permanently insulted and walked to the rear in great dignity, waving his tail angrily.

"Try them on some of your imitations," I told Osa. She is particularly good at making all the sounds one hears in the jungle.

She cackled like a hyena; mooed and barked and squeaked until the Chief beside me began to shake and giggle at the reality of her sounds.

The lions were perfectly mystified. First they looked in surprise at us. Then they glanced around

into the reeds, as if wondering whether some of the small animals were daring to intrude on their sunken garden. They then began to look at one another as if to say: "Did you hear anything?"

When Osa barked like a zebra they all stuck up their ears and looked about for the meal they knew would be theirs if the sound were true. But when she *yap-yapped* like a jackal a few moments later they immediately became bored again, and pretended not to hear the noise of that vulgar animal. She gave the *honk-honk* of wildebeeste and they were all attention again, thinking of dinner as they did when they thought they heard the zebra.

"See if they'd like a cat," I suggested.

Osa *meiowed* with beautiful authenticity.

The sound must have struck some hidden chord of reminiscence in the big cats. They couldn't *meiow* themselves; but they must have known it was the call of their little cousin. For at once all stood up and peered about with a mixture of alertness and mild irritation. Strange to say, this time they didn't look at Osa. No doubt it was quite beyond their comprehension that any creatures who had behaved as foolishly as we had been behaving could make a sound so disturbing to a lion. Osa said afterwards that she could see one or two of them actually standing on tiptoe trying to see above the grass just what it was made so queer a noise.

About this time I became conscious that the sun was dropping low in the west. It would never do for us to be caught by twilight in this dangerous place. We decided that we'd better get away while the lions were still in a friendly mood. So Osa stopped her noises and stepped on the self-starter.

Instantly every lion was on its feet and poised as if to charge. Perhaps the fact that night was coming and that their appetites were sharpening up by the cool air made them more interested in us as fleshly beings than they had been before. When Osa backed slowly away three of them began to come forward, their heads down and tails waving.

The situation didn't look at all promising. It would be a shame to have to shoot after such a peaceful and entertaining afternoon; and there was always the very good chance that we might get the worst of a charge if we were unlucky enough to draw one.

Osa stopped the car and the three front lions stopped. A fourth kept coming. He was growling louder than the others, and he seemed particularly bent on finding out more about the scent of our tires, apparently a new experience for his wrinkled nose. He followed slowly, keeping his nostrils in our tire tracks, and wrinkling up his ferocious face as if he were going to sneeze, sniffing loudly all the while.

"What do you think of whirling around and making a quick dash of it?" whispered Osa, now as anxious as the rest of us.

"No, let's see what he'll do," I whispered back.

By this time the Chief was about to run for it. Nothing would have been a more fatal error, had he done so. The lion would certainly have been on him in a moment and pulled him down to a terrible death.

We waited. Osa and Bukari kept the muzzles of their guns trained on the lion's brain. He came on a few inches at a time. Finally he reached the left front tire. First he gave it a long *sniff-f-f*; then he bit it gently. He was clearly puzzled at its taste. He bit it again, a little harder this time. Then he began to mouth it, as if he were a puppy with a rubber doll. Presently he gave it several long but not very hard bites and then lay down, satisfied for the moment.

All the time the engine was running. This noise now seemed to catch the interest of the lion. He cocked his head back and forth at it the way the other fellow had while I was cranking. He peered through the radiator and then blinked at us. Then he bent his head and listened for a long time, exactly like a man trying to detect a knock in the engine.

Osa began to back away again. This time the lion remained where he was sitting and made no

attempt to follow. We were getting ready to give a quick whirl around and make a run for it when I noticed the slanting rays of the sun cutting down through the reeds and making almost a perfect back-light for the lion.

"I've got to get that picture!" I told Osa and went back to my camera. Whereupon I made what I consider the most superb lion photograph that I shall ever have the luck to get.

When I finished Osa threw the car into second, stepping on her accelerator and we made a quick turn and ran for it. The lion was so surprised that he just sat up and stared. Possibly he and his friends thought we were very rude to leave without saying goodbye; but we were somewhat relieved to get away without trouble.

"Too close, too close," the Chief muttered when we finally got out on the plains again.

Bukari grinned as if to say: "Why in this outfit we do that sort of thing every day."

CHAPTER X

STOFULUS came rushing into the tent with the awful news that a lion had pounced on Hendrick and dragged him off, despite the efforts of John Stofulus, who had frantically seized a great flaming branch from the fire and beat it about the head of the savage beast. Nothing, of course, could be done that night, so the hunter gathered his Hottentot followers together, and with them kept watch until morning; then, accompanied by two after-riders, he set out to avenge the terrible death of his wagon driver. In the hollow where the lion had lain consuming his prey they discovered one of the poor fellow's legs bitten off below the knee; and fragments of his peacoat scattered here and there

JAMES GREENWOOD—1870.

On the following day we decided to take advantage of the number of lions about to get some flashlight pictures. This method of taking photographs of wild game was not new, though our variation of it had not been used before. With nocturnal animals, like the lion, it is the only way to record a certain vital part of their lives.

Of course, only still pictures can be got in this way. But even they are most revealing when taken at a time of alert and preoccupied action on the part of the lion.

Wild game photographers in the past have either left their apparatus set for the lion and then come for it the next morning, or have secreted themselves nearby within a thorn *boma* or shelter. But we often found that it was much more satisfactory merely to sit in our car. We were more comfortable that way, and could always turn on our lights when we needed illumination. The risk was little greater than in a *boma*, but worth while in the light of the fine results we attained.

Of course we could not arrange our mechanisms right among the lions as they sat or lay about. They probably would not have permitted any such liberty for a moment. What we did was to choose a spot some little distance from the lions and trust to luring them up to our cameras by means of freshly killed bait.

In the early afternoon we set up four flash lamps on poles about six feet above the ground. Three feet in front and below each lamp we placed our cameras. In each flash lamp we put magnesia cartridges containing about an ounce of flashpowder apiece. All four lamps were connected by electric wire to dry batteries and a long "firing" wire was led

to our Willys-Knight car some fifteen to twenty-five feet away.

After the apparatus was set up we went out to the plains and shot an old zebra for bait. With the help of the car we dragged the body to a point about fifteen feet in front of the cameras. When everything was ready and the lenses focussed on the zebra, we had Bukari cut the entrails out of the carcass and drag them all around the neighborhood to attract the lions.

After this was done we retired to our shelter while the blacks returned to camp. The sun slipped behind the western hills, turning the soft azure sky to a deep velvety blue. Dusk settled rapidly until the trees were gray-black ghosts and the air a tenuous vapor.

Involuntarily our voices became lower and we spoke in short whispers about only important matters. Every nerve in our bodies was on the *qui vive*; our ears felt pricked to catch the slightest sound.

"Gosh, I'm glad you're here!" whispered Osa. And I confess I felt exactly the same way about her.

Soon enough the sounds commenced. For in Africa the night is full of noise. Bark and snort of kongoni followed the dreadful roar of a hunting lion; then the brief agonized scream of victim. We could hear the cackle of hyenas and the *boom-boom* of a distant ostrich. Strange rustlings went on in the

grass and brush about us. Flutter of ghostly wings came from a nearby tree. And all the time we bore the knowledge of the bait in front, laid there to draw to our cameras the most dangerous beast in the animal kingdom.

As usual hyenas came first to the kill. (Sometimes we have thirty or forty to deal with.) But we had photographed them so much in past years that we didn't want any more.

"Chase them away, Martin," urged Osa. "They'll spoil everything."

I obeyed by picking up a rock from between my feet. I hurled the rock in the direction of the gnawing that was too slight to be one of the big cats. I heard a thud, showing I had struck home on one of the pilferers. There followed a brief flurry. Then the gnawing again.

This time Osa shone her hand flashlight toward the body. Despite my missile there were a dozen hyenas, like huge maggots, devouring our bait. Often at such times we could get rid of them only by shooting one or two with a twenty-two caliber rifle. Warranted execution it was, when one recalled the cruelty of these jungle assassins. Their diet is usually baby gazelles that are too small to run away; and they often hamstring the little things when not needing food.

While we are waiting, a word about our flashlights.

The mechanism is so arranged that the shutters of my cameras do not open until the light is at a maximum. They then trip at a speed of one three-hundredths of a second. Thus the picture is made so quickly that the lion does not have a chance to move before the exposure is completed. In the past, flashlights of lions have been made by opening the shutter and leaving it until the flash is fired. As a result the animal usually more or less ruins the negative by moving before the flash has died away.

Suddenly the pattering and sniffing of the hyenas ceased. An ominous grunt came from a thicket nearby. By this we knew that His Royal Highness had arrived. In a few moments a grunting and gulping and crunching of bones told us that he had taken his place at the table, so to speak, tucked his napkin in his collar and was already happily feasting. Not that I criticized his table manners; but the noise, as usual, gave me a mental picture of some ponderous farmhand sitting down to Thanksgiving turkey.

When we thought he was about in the position we wanted him I threw our hand flashlight towards the dead zebra. To my surprise right in front of me was a big maned lion sitting on his haunches, while behind him was another equally large gnawing away at the bait. Neither of them were disturbed. Like the other lions we photographed at night, they seemed

to think that the torch was just a pleasant bit of moonlight emerging from behind a cloud.

While I looked, the lion in front turned toward the cameras and began to examine the whole layout.

"Now what the devil do you suppose those things are?" he seemed to ask, giving a low growl.

The other lion looked up and grunted back:

"Dunno, but you'd better leave them alone. Remember those prickly bushes you got into last spring."

Meanwhile two others came up from the rear and also began to look over the cameras. This made me nervous. The moon was coming out and I was afraid that not only the lions but other animals might get tangled up in my wires if they began to investigate.

In a natural tone I spoke to the lions, hoping my voice would discourage them from fooling with the apparatus.

"Sorry, fellows, but those contraptions belong to us; and we'd like to go on with our business," was the message I tried to get across to them.

They looked inquiringly at us, then at one another; then at the cameras, as if to make sure there wasn't some trick in it all. Then they rose to their feet, took a good stretch apiece and ambled on, leaving one lion still eating.

But they didn't go far. I suppose they wanted to

be sure not to miss anything. In fact they were exactly like the loafers one sees about a city's streets watching a snow-scraper or an asphalt layer. They joined two more lions about a hundred feet away and once more squatted down for a look at our proceedings.

As the lions seemed indisposed to "pose" we ate our sandwiches which Osa had prepared for us, and drank some coffee out of our thermos bottles. I almost expected to see the lions ramble up and *meiouw* for something to eat. But they only lay down in the grass for a doze, and to be on hand for the "big show," whatever it was.

After about twenty minutes the two biggest lions came up and sat on their haunches about ten feet from our zebra bait.

"Looks good," yawned one, but without relish. Apparently he had not worked up any appetite that day.

The other fellow just sat and looked at the feast. I know he wished he could set to and have a few mouthfuls. But he really didn't feel like it at that moment. He appeared fat and sleek enough to have lived for weeks on his stored-up energy.

Then came an unexpected interruption. Without any apparent reason both whirled about and dashed off into the brush about a hundred yards away. The lion who had been eating rose and loped after

them. At once rose a chorus of roars and howls. In the moonlight we could see a number of other lions running away across the plains, our visitors in pursuit.

"Guess they don't belong," laughed Osa.

The row went on for a mile at least beyond us and then quieted down. In a few minutes the lions were back at our zebra looking very satisfied with themselves.

Even now they wouldn't eat. There was still something on their minds, or else their appetites needed further stimulant. They weren't close enough to the cameras for a picture. And as more lions could be heard coming up in the distance they showed renewed signs of annoyance at intruders.

About eleven P.M. a beautiful big taffy-colored lion came to the kill. He disregarded all the other lions; indeed, he could afford to as he was half again as big as any of the others, and powerful enough to have walked off with a full grown ox on his shoulders. A few minutes later another smaller and younger lion arrived who must have been his son, and then three pretty females with two handsome beaux. By this time it was a good big family party and all seemed to be pleased to find the table set and food ready.

Just as I was going to set off the flash on the big fellow, Osa whispered: "Oh, wait until all seven of them start. Think what a picture it will make!"

So I waited.

But in a little while I couldn't stand it any longer. The lions were so self-possessed, and such a fine looking lot that I felt it was the chance of a lifetime.

I pressed the button. Nothing happened. I pressed again as hard as I could. Not a flicker. Hurriedly I pulled off the button and touched the bare wires together. No result. Something was wrong. A whole day's work was thrown away if I couldn't fix my gear. And yet the fixing could be done only in the very midst of seven lions. It wasn't exactly an easy problem to solve. I did the only thing I could. I walked out toward the kill while Osa shouted to scare the lions away.

I say "scare," which may seem inconsistent with the lion's courage which I have lauded so highly. But I ask the reader to suppose that he is taking lunch at a sidewalk café and some nearby laborers begin to shout unintelligible remarks and advance toward your table. You wouldn't exactly be afraid of them, but it would seem a prudent thing to rise and see what on earth they were after.

That is what the lions did. They weren't hungry enough to be ferocious. So when they heard our racket they left the meat and retreated for fifty or sixty feet.

Of course I was armed. I can't say I had either the courage or faith of Daniel. I carried a sawed-off

Ithaca riot gun. This might not kill a lion at close quarters, but it was calculated to drive the bunch back temporarily if they tried to "gang" me. Meanwhile Osa held her rifle aimed at the lions nearest me.

I worked for about fifteen minutes until I found the short circuit and repaired it. The lions watched every move I made. If anyone thinks this is a pleasant situation, even if he believes in the gentlemanly qualities of the lion, just let him go to the zoo and walk into the cage with *all* the lions.

When I finished and went back to our shelter the lions courteously waited a few minutes and then returned to their meal.

Several times again I was on the point of making a picture. But now all seven lions were so close again that I hoped to get the entire group in one film. The plan was spoiled, however, by one female coming over to investigate us. She came right up to where we were and sniffed away for all she was worth. But I guess we didn't smell as appetizing as the zebra, for after a bit she rejoined the others.

The next thing that happened was for one of the big males to get the inspiration of looking into the mechanism of our cameras and flashlights. He walked over to one camera and began tentatively to investigate one of the tripod legs with his teeth. In a few moments he pulled the whole camera over.

This was too much for me. I jumped up and hurled

a heavy rock at him as hard as I could throw it. It caught him squarely in the ribs. He gave vent to a loud grunt and spun about, glaring in my direction as much as to say: "Did you do that, you big stiff?"

I was so angry that I yelled right back: "You bet I did! And I want you to leave those cameras alone!"

He looked surprised, as if it suddenly occurred to him that it was my property.

However, his curiosity got the better of him and he went back to the camera which had fallen over and began to chew on it. (I have the wreck of the camera with me in New York if there are any doubts in the reader's mind about this yarn.) I yelled again. This time he dropped the camera and started for me; not a charge but just an audacious strutting to find out what the mischief I meant speaking that way to a full-grown lion on his native heath.

Luckily for both of us he touched the electric wire before he had gone far. This put another idea into his mind. He took the wire in his teeth and began to back away with it. I let my end go hoping that it would slide through his mouth. But he had his teeth sunk in between two strands. As a result he pulled down the batteries that had been lashed to one of the poles.

In my fury at seeing my fragile gear being wrecked by this vandal, I yelled again. The scoundrel paid no heed, but backed away still farther, carrying two batteries in his mouth. At a distance of fifty feet he sat calmly down and watched to see what my next move would be.

By this time my courage had become the righteous wrath of indignation. I went out and chased the whole crowd away again and tried to fix my apparatus. But the batteries that survived were too weak and the wires too tangled for any more use that night. I shook my fist in the derisive faces of the lions, gathered up the remains of my outfit and let the beasts finish their banquet undisturbed.

I suppose these details may tend to weaken my original contention that it is at night the lion is most dangerous, and more likely to be in a mood for attack. The only thing I can say is that in the night's adventure just described the lions were not as hungry as they usually are; in fact all the lions in this reed valley gave the appearance of such sleek prosperity that surely the old ones must have had gout and liver trouble.

In contrast Colonel Patterson, in relating his experiences with lions, gives an episode that shows how the lion proceeds with awful directness when on the warpath for meat.

One morning four Swahili came into camp carry-

ing a stretcher on which lay the body of a dead white man. The weeping and exhausted wife and children of the man followed. The woman was Mrs. O'Hara, and the dead man her husband who was engineer in charge of the local road building.

Her story ran something like this:

"We slept in a tent at our camp with the usual protection of guards and fires. My husband was in one bed while I, with the two children, was in another—all in the same well-guarded tent.

"In the middle of the night we thought we heard a lion walking around the tent and my husband got up to investigate. But he couldn't see anything and the askari outside declared that everything was all right. So Mr. O'Hara lay down again and dozed off.

"After a little while I waked up and to my horror found that my husband had disappeared. Of course he might have gone out to see the guard again; but I had a dreadful feeling that there was another reason for his absence. I sprang to the tent door and called him. Then I rushed out and found his body jammed in among our boxes of provisions.

"When I asked the askari to come and help me lift him the native refused, saying that a lion was right behind me. I glanced around and found myself face to face with a huge lion not six feet away from me. I was paralyzed with fear. I was sure that the lion would either attack me or try to

carry off the body of my unconscious husband. But just then the native had the wit to fire and the lion was disturbed enough to retreat.

“My husband proved to be dead when we got him on the bed again. The lion had bitten him on his head in such a way that the teeth penetrated his skull, certainly killing him instantly.”

It takes only a few tragedies of this sort to change one's views about the lion's character. As Osa and I found by recurring experience, so long as the lion has a full stomach and is not annoyed he condescends to let both man and game animals go about their business; and he even behaves in an amusing and pseudo-friendly manner. But when he loses his patience or wants a meal he is another fellow altogether.

CHAPTER XI

*W*ROTE Andersson: "If the human eye be intently fixed on the lion it is believed to have great influence on him. Numerous instances, indeed, are on record where, owing to a man having determinedly looked the beast in the face, he has not only been deterred from attacking him, but has become so cowed as to have slunk away with his tail between his legs. . . . Diedrich Muller, one of the most intrepid South African nimrods, for example, was one day hunting alone in the veldt when he suddenly came upon a lion, which so far from giving way to him, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude it assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. . . . The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diedrich, who stood defenceless. The man and the beast stood for a short time looking each other in the face. At length the lion moved backwards, as if to go away. Diedrich stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off. This occurred repeatedly, until the animal had got to some distance, when he took fairly to his heels, and bounded away."

We were now ready to move on again. My fever was better and we were getting lots of good advice from the natives about where we would find lions. The trouble, as usual, was that, not only the rains were delaying us but that the number of natives that we were gradually accumulating was all the time getting larger. This was bad because a trip like ours was naturally expensive. Natives expect a certain amount of baksheesh; and they are not averse to demanding food if their cattle are scarce.

On this trip south from our main camp I had been particularly careful to avoid taking on extra porters. As Bukari was the Big Boss among the Blacks and therefore had to be handled in such a way as not to damage his prestige I called him aside and said:

“We have small work now. Perhaps we need a few porters for our side trips. But there are loads for only a few boys.”

I knew what I was talking about, not only as a result of experience but because the porter's head load of about sixty pounds is pretty well standardized.

Bukari looked very serious but did not argue longer. Something was on his mind, I knew. But apparently he didn't want to go into details. He insisted that he needed one more man; that's all the further he would go.

Imagine my annoyance next morning when I found that we had one more native than we had the night

before. My first impulse was to upbraid Bukari unmercifully. He had directly disobeyed me, and had tried to deceive me about it besides; because, when I made the discovery, the party was about to get underway.

But something in Bukari's face made me suspicious that it wasn't just the ordinary case of wanting to reduce the labor on the boys. As a matter of fact one added helper wouldn't make enough difference to notice.

I looked over the crowd to see if I could tell which the new man was. I soon spotted him, not only because the others were staring at him curiously, but because he was an old fellow while my men were strapping young hunters. This made me more furious than ever.

"Probably Bukari's father-in-law, or something of the sort," I thought. "And he's trying to graft on the expedition."

With abuse trembling on my lips I sent for Bukari.

"Why have you taken on that man?" I asked him sternly.

He put out his hands as if to stay my wrath. "He is very important, Bwana," he said.

"Important, my eye! Why, he couldn't carry half a load!"

"No, Bwana, but he make it much easier to carry the other loads."

"So he's a hypnotist," I retorted sarcastically. Of course Bukari didn't know what I meant; but it was my anger I wanted him to see.

"No," said the unabashed Bukari, "he fix the trail."

"What!"

"He fix the trail, Bwana. He is a Rain Doctor. You know the rain soon come and make it hard to go. Well, this man stop the rain when he wish."

At that moment a slight sprinkle sifted down from the clouds overhead. Bukari was right, the rainy season was at hand. If we could only have a few more days of good weather it would make a lot of difference as well as help us back to the base camp.

Led by Bukari I went over to the side of the camp where the boys had been packing their loads. There in the center of them was the Rain Doctor at work.

"See, Bwana," whispered my Headman reverently.

I had heard about these "Doctors" before. But this was the first time I had ever witnessed one in action.

The naked old fellow had a bunch of light sticks in each hand. At the end of each stick were tied weeds and small gourds which rattled together as he waved them towards the damp clouds over his head. At the same time he was chanting for all he was worth. The black boys were fascinated.

After about ten minutes of the ceremony the

Doctor ceased his antics and walked back to the camp where he sat down and seemed to lose interest in life altogether. He shut his eyes and paid no heed to the excited whispers of the natives who had followed him, probably hoping for more.

To Bukari's great satisfaction the clouds began to break and the drizzle stopped. In the later afternoon the sun came out and the sunset was beautiful and clear.

"You see," said Bukari, "he is a great help."

What could I do? I decided to bide my time.

Next day it rained again, more seriously this time. It was plain that the rainy season was upon us. I gave orders to pack and head back towards our main camp.

The Rain Doctor went through his tricks and the rain stopped within an hour. Bukari stuck out his chest again, and again I bided my time.

At four o'clock on the following day the first real rain struck us. It came down as I have never seen it before in Africa. It was a regular old-fashioned cloudburst. It beat through the outer flies of our tents and through the tents themselves. It flooded the ditches around the tents. The blankets of our sleeping bags were soaked. Our shoes floated away; and to cap the climax the wind blew out the stakes.

I sent for Bukari. "Where's your Rain Doctor?" I asked him severely.

The Headman looked apologetic. "He had to go home," he replied. "He say his wife very ill."

That's all the satisfaction I got.

While I am on the subject of our black men I cannot resist saying something on their behalf.

Possibly the intelligence of the African native rates low on the list of human races; I grant that he lives in a cultural state that ranks with some of the earliest ages of man. But I find that the native's virtues far outweigh his vices when it comes to traveling in the field. Then it is that his nakedness is a convenience, his simple diet an economy and his nomadic instincts just what the traveler wants.

A native is accustomed to accept the basic facts of life with a superb equanimity. Little things disturb him; profound tragedy leaves him numb.

Last winter a native came in and reported that one of the men had had trouble with an elephant.

"Much hurt," he said.

"Is he dead?" asked the British resident.

"No, he run away," said the native.

"Then he couldn't be much hurt."

"Oh, no, he's not hurt at all."

The Britisher frowned his annoyance and started all over again: "But you said he was much hurt. Now you say he ran away. Which is right?"

The native grinned. "The man hurt," he explained carefully. "The elephant run away."

In despair the A. D. C. sent out a party to investigate. They found the spot trampled terribly and the victim's liver *hanging on a nearby tree!*

Despite these occasional horrors the native is not afraid of wild beasts when the animals are brought in and tamed. We saw this with the elephants the Belgians had captured and put to work in their station at Wanda.

I remember seeing native boys in the compound where the tame herd were kept, chaining the animals for the night, pulling up fodder for them and generally treating them with the indifference that the farm-hand shows toward his cattle.

When all was quiet and the dusk of early evening came down each boy went to the ear of his own elephant and began crooning a lullaby in a low tone. Some of the elephants swayed to and fro for a while; others shut their eyes at once and went into a doze. All eventually went to sleep, while their black nurses slipped away.

Sounds very simple; but these same blacks have seen the mad ferocity of the wild elephant and know how devastating the mammoth beasts can be when aroused. They know that elephants, lions, leopards and other beasts are the traditional enemies of man.

I think the answer is that the black is one of the most impressionable races in the world. Certainly most of the South African tribes are readily swayed

to one idea or another. Only a few warlike clans, such as the Neuers in the north, are difficult to pacify and keep so.

Not all our boys were as solemn as Bukari. There was one clownish young rascal that we picked up on our way down to Nairobi when we stopped at a place called Abu in the Belgian Congo. His name was Mogo and he had been in jail for being a bigamist. Not that the government cared so much for his having two wives, as for his making no move to support either one.

Mogo was only about sixteen and blacker than the proverbial ace of spades. He was so good-natured that the other boys liked nothing better than to tease him. As a result he learned to say to them:

"Look out, I am a cannibal. Where I come from we eat human flesh. The best meal I know is a human head. Look out!"

He'd say this rigmarole with a perfectly straight face. And when he finished he'd look his tormenter up and down and add: "But I would never eat you, black boy. You are too dirty. I would rather eat hyena!"

Mogo was deathly afraid of hyenas. Often in the night one of the boys would slip behind the tent where Mogo was sleeping and let out a howl like a hyena. Whereupon Mogo would come dashing out

of the tent, knife in hand, and watch the teaser run for his life.

Mogo was like a white boy in many ways. He liked nothing better than to play practical jokes on others. One evening he put a lot of pebbles in several tin cans, bent the tops of the cans in and tied them to a piece of raw meat. In the middle of the night a hyena ran away with the meat and woke the whole camp with the din he caused.

The natural hostility and hatred the native feels for the lion is based on many years of bitter suffering that the lions have caused, not only among the natives' herds of cattle but among the natives themselves.

My boys told me many tales illustrating the lion's ferocity; and there are many more in the reliable records of Africa. But they all agree in the fact that the native must be continually on his guard.

Selous tells of a case where the lion entered a native village. Either the cattle were too well guarded or game too scarce; the lion chose human flesh on this night. Of course the natives were prepared. Their small huts had been barricaded with strong logs or branches; and there were fires burning at several strategic points.

But the lion quickly reasoned out a way to reach his prey. He simply sprang atop one of the huts and clawed an opening into which he plunged. The

scene that ensued must have been horrible. In this particular hut the men were absent hunting or on watch. Its only occupants were four women.

The lion soon silenced the screams of the terrified creatures which cowered in the dark about him. Then at his ease he proceeded to devour no less than two whole bodies. But his appetite was his undoing. Because when he tried to jump back through the hole he had entered he failed.

At the first streaks of dawn the native warriors surrounded the hut. Little by little they scraped off enough of its mud plaster to reveal the lion within. Through the same holes they thrust their spears.

"Roar once again, O Lion . . ." they chanted: the ancient song of the jungle when the King of Beasts was to die.

The Chief's son gave the fatal thrust.

When the lion was dead its body was removed from the hut. A huge bonfire was built. When the flames were high and a bed of red hot coals lay at the center the lion's carcass was thrown upon it, and left there until completely consumed.

Some of the African natives we know use poison arrows instead of spears for their lion killing. The method long in use by some bowmen has been to wait until they could catch the lion asleep, preferably after he has eaten heavily. Then the natives creep up and put one light arrow into his hide, with plenty

of poison dripping from the barb. Thus the poison gets a chance to work into the creature's blood. And although the lion may not die at once, the poison is such that he never recovers from it.

The Lumbwa warriors that we met in Tanganyika used shields of buffalo hide in hunting lions. When attacked they crouched down behind their shields and left it to their companions to dispatch the animal.

Natives who do not use shields, or who are not equipped with them, have often been badly mauled before they could escape to a tree or to some sort of cover.

I heard of a case not long ago in which the lion's action shows how he goes after his human victim if the latter is standing. If running away the man will usually be bitten in the thigh or small of the back. In the case I recall the lion had been wounded. It charged through a group and narrowly missed a native who sprang for a tree just in time to escape the flying claws of the infuriated beast. A native just ahead was not quick enough to reach cover. The lion did not spring on him, but reared up quick as a flash and put a paw on each shoulder of the fleeing man. Opening his huge mouth at the same time he gave one terrific bite and the man fell dead at his feet. It is interesting that the lion's teeth penetrated the man's skull, making the only wound

on his entire body. However, the force with which the poor fellow was thrown to the ground tore the skin off both his knees.

In spite of these harrowing adventures the average native is not an impressive person. About the time of which I write, halfway through our work in lion country we came to a native Manyetta, or temporary village of grass and dung houses. Young warriors stood stupidly about, their naked bodies covered with greasy red earth, corresponding to the war paint of our western Indian. Behind them were ranged a lot of young girls adorned with heavy crude wire wristlets and necklaces. In some cases the wire was wrapped so tightly that the flesh stuck through. Lurking in the background were the old women, many with dozens of turns of wire around their necks to make them beautiful—which it failed profoundly to do. The children were covered with flies; the filthy old men were always the center of a swarm of flies.

All were living in a small enclosure with sick cattle and calves grazing about nearby. The main herds were spread out for several miles on all sides, each herd tended by a warrior armed with a spear.

When we stopped and inquired about lions the natives crowded about us. Some said there weren't any lions in the country; others said that there were hundreds nearby.

We passed on quickly, leaving the heavy odor of the Manyetta behind us for the pure air of the plains. Altogether it was a depressing glimpse of human depravity; and I am happy to say that not all African groups are as poorly off.

As a matter of fact the unspoiled African native, especially of the southern and eastern tribes, is a great worker when properly used and taught. Some day when British East is a great agricultural district the black will play a leading part in the prosperity of his country.

CHAPTER XII

*P*TOLOMY VI used lions in many of his parades to celebrate religious occasions. In one parade there was a car drawn by eighty men holding a large statue of Bacchus. Then came the wild beasts. At the head of these was a massive elephant with a little satyr sitting astride of its neck. After the elephant were five hundred virgins. Then twenty-four cars drawn by elephants, sixty cars attached to oxen, and twelve cars drawn by lions. One of the Roman emperors imported six thousand lions from Africa into Italy to eat Christians. Pompeii staged a battle royal between six hundred lions and twenty elephants. Julius Caesar used four hundred lions for the same sort of show. Octavius Augustus in 29 B.C. had two hundred and sixty lions in his private menagerie. Caracalla in 217 A.D. kept a pet lion in his bedroom. . . .

Next morning we broke our lazy rule and got up about four o'clock. We had had so many excitements and were accomplishing so much that sleep seemed for the while a perfect waste of time. Even

at that it was after daylight before we could get away because I had used every inch of my film the day before and had to load all my magazines over again.

While we were eating a hurried breakfast I saw Osa suddenly put down her coffee cup and begin to stare with widening eyes at a rock directly in front of us and only about a hundred feet away. For a moment I couldn't see anything out of the ordinary; the pale light of early morning seemed to blend everything together.

"What is it—not a lion?" I asked.

For a moment she hesitated. Then as I followed her pointing finger I saw a beautiful leopard calmly surveying us from the vantage of a smooth round boulder about thirty-five feet above the level of our table. He was sprawled out, with his paws hanging over the curve of a rock the way a sleeping house cat will often lie on the edge of a comfortable chair.

He was one of the most beautiful leopards I had ever seen—and they are all lovely animals. As we looked the sun rose just enough to throw its early beams through the branches of a tree over our head and illuminate the silky sheen of the leopard's spotted coat.

The leopard is a good deal smaller than the lion, but is superior in some ways. It averages about

seven feet long and weighs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds in the full grown male adult. His distribution is much wider than the lion, probably due to the fact that he has lived by a great deal of treachery that the lion would not stoop to.

The leopard is distinguished by its cunning and the stealth it uses to stalk and kill its prey. Its wariness and caution are much above those traits in the lion. It feeds on antelopes, baboon, monkey, dik dik, guinea fowl and rats and mice of all kinds.

We used to see leopards up around our home at Lake Paradise which were the terror of the baboons. The female and young were usually helpless against its attack. But an old male would put up a good fight. When other male baboons come to the assistance of the one first engaged the leopard is likely to get the worst of the battle.

We noted and confirmed the reports of other travelers that the leopard does not hamstring his prey the way a wolf or dog does; but strikes at the head, neck or throat in the manner of the lion. The hyenas seem less afraid of the leopard than they are of the lion. Probably this is because the leopard hasn't the weight to put into his attack that the larger animal has. Certainly it is this fact that makes the leopard a less dangerous game for the hunter. In my previous book *Safari* I spoke of how

my friend Rattray killed a leopard with his bare hands. Osa had shot a zebra for bait and when Rattray went for the body the leopard came for him. His black boy lost his nerve and the issue was decided only when the white man throttled the beast. However, he was badly lacerated and nearly died. Carl Akeley went through the same experience, but came out on top.

In one way the leopard is more dangerous than the lion—when he does decide to attack he comes like greased lightning—certainly nothing on earth is so fast as a leopard when he charges from forty or fifty feet.

Like the lion, the leopard becomes a man-eater on occasion. Roosevelt tells of a leopard that took to killing shepherd boys in British East Africa. Another made a practice of killing and eating native women, apparently recognizing that they were the less menacing sex. Near Meru a leopard strangled and ate a woman in broad daylight, but was finally caught in a trap.

As the leopard in front of us looked pretty well fed and blinked its eyes contentedly as it watched us eat, I decided that it would not mind being photographed. So I cautioned quiet and tried to get my camera unlimbered for a shot. But when I clicked the case the leopard sprang up, stared hard at me for a moment to see if I would make any

hostile move and then was off in the brush like a flash.

Incidentally, in all my years in the wilderness this was the first leopard that ever gave me a chance to study him. Usually a leopard will hide away, often only a few feet from the trail; or, if seen, will vanish before the rifle or camera can be aimed at him.

A few hundred yards from camp we stopped to photograph some Granties (Grant's Gazelle) which were loafing in a beautiful setting among the rocks. They did not seem to mind our presence. As we came up close to them and set up our cameras they got ready to move in case we got any closer; but at the same time they were curious to see what we were up to, and obviously didn't want to run until they had to.

Again I was impressed with the fact that these lovely and innocent game animals can live so close to the lion—nay, right among lions—and not seem to heed them at all. Surely they heard the lions roaring every night, and caught their scent or their grunts every day. They often saw lions in daylight, and nearly as often at night. Yet there seemed to be a perfect understanding between the lion and the game; when he wasn't on the warpath the latter knew it, by what means I can't say, but they surely did.

In fact, at the very moment that I was making

my pictures of the plump Granties, Osa tugged at my sleeve and, putting her lips to my ear, said:

"Don't make a move, Martin; but right above the Granties are a bunch of lions."

Sure enough, on glancing a hundred feet farther up among the rocks I saw a slender lioness with three cubs stretched out in the sunshine, gazing down at both the Granties and us. It gave me the illusion of being in a well-run perfectly appointed zoo, in which each kind of game was caged amid its native habitat, and in which the wire mesh separating the families had been made invisible to preserve the illusion. Only in this present case I knew that the wire mesh was only a matter of mood and might be eliminated at any moment by the appetite of the lion.

However, my philosophy did not exactly apply to this group of lions.

"Just see how thin she is," said Osa.

As she spoke the lioness raised up slightly on her front paws and growled at us in a low tone. Her cute little cubs came trotting forward even with her jowls to see what was up. But she waved them back with another growl of motherly warning.

She was thin. I could see her ribs sticking out along her flanks and noted the undue slenderness of her legs. No doubt her litter had been larger and hardier than usual, and their babyhood had

dragged her down a good deal. Another sad thing—possibly, for I don't want to be a nature faker—was that in her present run-down condition she was no doubt in receipt of less attention from the males of her species, and so had less to eat than the more fetching ladies without families. Such is the injustice of the sex, so Osa pointed out.

"I'm going to get her something to eat," declared Osa, faithful to her sister animal.

And she did. Without waiting to hear my side of the plan she drove the car around the rocks and went a little way out on the plains. From where I stood I could see her through the trees get out with her rifle, stalk a herd of topis, bring down with a single merciful shot an old grandfather animal, and hitch it to the car. In fifteen minutes she was back in the donga with dinner for the "poor children."

"Talk about your New York Free Milk Stations!" she laughed.

The mother lion seemed to understand at once what it was all about. And surely the charity was on both sides; for the lioness in her weakness would have made a messy job of killing a topi, probably only wounding it after a fight, and the poor creature would have died a lingering death.

Slowly the lioness came down the rocks, watching us with one eye and keeping the other on the topi, as if it might rise up and run away. I suppose her

babies were itching with hunger because it was all she could do to keep them behind her; in fact two or three times she had to turn and cuff them to make them let her go first to be sure it was all right.

When she reached the foot of the rock by which Osa had laid the dead topi she squatted and waited. She didn't seem especially uneasy, although she looked hard at us and at the car. Once she gave a tentative growl, swaying slightly in Osa's direction.

"She's thanking me," interpreted Osa.

But at the sound of Osa's voice there came another growl that wasn't thanks but a perfectly definite: "Now just watch out and don't try any tricks on me."

"All right, old girl," replied Osa, exactly as if she were soothing a truculent old woman. "I've given you a handout, now get busy and feed the kids!"

One of the cubs sneaked up during this interchange and scrambled off the rock, landing on the body of the topi which he promptly began to claw and bite ravenously. At this break of discipline the mother reached down angrily and scooping her son up with a powerful paw threw it head over heels behind her where it hid whimpering at such treatment.

I suppose she thought there must be a catch in it somewhere; such an easy meal didn't come often in the jungle. But there were the vultures swinging overhead in case she left it; and her cubs were getting

more and more out of hand. She must have seen that she had better get the meat now or the birds would beat her to it. Some of them sailed down and landed right by the topi as we watched.

With a bound she landed on the haunches of the topi, scattering the vultures in every direction. For a moment she glared about, just as if she thought that a trap were going to be sprung. When Osa tried to say a reassuring word she—the lioness—growled rudely back and switched her tail.

"It's mine now—finder's keepers!" her manner said.

"All right," laughed Osa, "why didn't you get it before?"

More growling and tail lashing. But the cubs took all the meanness out of the picture by tumbling in and beginning to tear away at the skin of the carcass with all the strength of their little necks. The trouble was that they were not able to get at the meat. So the mother had to stop making passes at us and attend to her hungry family.

It was exactly like a woman taking her family down to the beach for a picnic lunch. There was a lot of pushing and quarreling and begging to get a sandwich first; while the mother did her best to keep the party in order. One little cub finally got so excited that he bit his brother instead of the topi. For a moment there followed a knock-down drag-

out fight which the mother didn't seem to notice. But when she opened the tender flesh and the odor got about, the two combatants gave up their battle and sat down shoulder to shoulder to eat.

We now began to have some discussion about what to do next. The lioness was not in good enough shape to make a good picture; and we had already got some pictures of young lions eating. I was for moving on to where we had seen the lions yesterday, while Osa felt that it would be fun to explore the valley further up, where the Chief said he thought there were some more lions.

This time I'm afraid our voices rose to a pitch that indicated the argument we were having. And the lioness didn't like it a bit. She rose up from her meal and came out towards us, her face all wrinkled with annoyance. I didn't blame her. It always makes me nervous when people are squabbling around the table where I am eating.

"Come on," I told Osa, "let's give the lady a chance to eat."

At that, I made sure Bukari had his rifle ready. There was always the chance that the lioness would lose her patience and charge.

But instead of charging she suddenly decided that the thing to do was to take her meal away from the queer two-legged creatures that cackled and waved their arms all the time. She straddled the body of

the topi and began to drag it up the rock. It was too heavy for her to lift, or to move by a direct pull. The only way she could make it move was by wiggling it back and forth just the way a man would tease a heavy weight over the ground.

I had never seen a lion do this before; so I got out my camera and began to take some film. By this time the lioness had no doubt decided that we were not dangerous nuisances and paid no attention to me. I went within thirty feet of her while she worked. Even the cubs did not look up as I cranked. When the whole crowd, as well as the topi, disappeared in the brush our end of the party was over.

The sun was now well up near the meridian and the reeds glistening in the still air. Not a cloud flecked the blue sky. It was a typically beautiful East African day—one of those gorgeous days of dry cool air that makes me wonder why it is that Africa has always been condemned simply because of her swamps and jungles farther west.

As the afternoon was at hand, and we had not even started to explore the valley, we decided the sensible thing would be for us to go back to the lions we had been filming the day before.

We found the four big fellows with the thick manes waiting for us just as if they had had a date to keep. When we came up they waited until we were in position, not even giving a single growl, and began

to play and maul and skylark around one another in exactly the way I would have coached them had they been movie actors and I a director.

From time to time they would lie down and cool off, licking each other to show that there had been no hard feelings. One had a lot of trouble getting the burrs out of his mane. He clawed and rolled and licked until he almost lost patience with himself. Finally one of the others came up and sat by him while he was going through all these gyrations.

"Wish I could help you old man," the other must have said, with his head on one side and his tongue lolling out of his mouth.

"Confound these devilish burrs!" growled his friend, shaking his head and panting. "Can you see that big one just behind my ear?"

The other lion actually got up and walked around the first one, staring into his mane and nodding.

While this was going on I remembered a little job that might be done right now. For years I had been collecting a few feet of film here and there to make up a comedy African story that I hope eventually to bring out. I can take bits of scenes only when I get exactly the setting and subjects that I want.

One episode is called "African Golf." In it the player drives his ball right on top of a sleeping lion. For months I had been carrying a dozen golf balls in my pocket for this very purpose.

Just now one of the lions rolled over and went to sleep a little to one side of the pair who were discussing burrs. So Osa cautiously made her way up to within twenty feet of the former and tossed a golf ball at him while I cranked out a film of the acting. The first time she missed. But the lion heard the *plunk* of the ball beside him and raised sleepily up to see what it was. He didn't even look at the ball, but just blinked as if he had dreamed the telephone rang or something like that and wanted to find out whether it was true or not. Before Osa could get another ball he shut his eyes tight and let his head fall heavily to the ground again.

Osa threw again and missed. This time the lion only opened his eyes, and did not take the trouble to raise his head. It was a good sample of the supreme confidence with which the lion sleeps in the domain over which he holds such undisturbed kingship.

"You're no shot, let me try it," I told Osa.

At my words the lion's tail moved slightly, but he did not open his eyes.

"No; I'll get him this time," said Osa setting her lips.

She did. Throwing sharply and with perfect aim—while I cranked—she struck the old fellow right in the middle of his unprotected stomach.

Now hitting any sort of king in the stomach with

a golf ball during his siesta is anything but respectful. And we were fully prepared to have His Majesty forcefully resent our behavior. He did; but not in the way we expected. In a flash he was on his feet. He growled. He sniffed the golf ball. He gave us a long and dirty look. Then he humped himself off about twenty yards until he reached a smooth flat rock where he turned around and lay down facing us in a perfectly superb pose. His paws were stretched out in front of him and his handsome head was up. He was exactly like the lions at the entrance to the New York Public Library.

Right here I got the surprise of my life. Both Osa and I had been so busy with our little game that we hadn't paid much attention to what was going on around us. Something caused me to turn around. Imagine my surprise—to put it mildly, because I hadn't ever forgotten what a lion can do if he feels in the mood—to find myself looking into the eyes of a big old maned lion not five feet from me!

Apparently he had come up to see what it was all about. His round yellow eyes were wide with curiosity and his long tail with its black plume hung down quietly behind him in a position of leonine amity. My heart skipped a few beats. I tried to think quickly. Was he in a good humor? That was the important question.

"Gr-r-r-urfl!" he rumbled deep down in his throat.

Osa was still intent on the little game with the other lion and did not hear the growl.

"Shall I throw it again?" asked Osa blithely.
"He's still in range of the camera."

I was afraid to reply in a low voice; a lion seems to know when a human being is trying to be wary. A whisper, for instance, will unnerve a lion under certain circumstances, just as it will a human being. Yet I was equally afraid to reply to her in an ordinary tone because the lion might think I was getting fresh with him and making disagreeable remarks right in his face.

The gun? Oh, yes, it was right there within reach—beside Osa. But it was too late to do anything about that. A lion can move faster than a man can jerk a gun to his shoulder. That has been proved in many tragedies.

"All right, Martin," broke in Osa again, who had been tugging away at her pocket for another golf ball, "now watch this one."

While I stood there motionless, expecting every minute that the lion would land on me with all fours, Osa tossed the golf ball at the first lion.

To my profound relief the lion behind me pricked up his ears and took a step sidewise to see more clearly what went on.

The expression in his face was exactly as if he had said: "Now there's some one with pep—much

better than this poor dub who just stands here and stares at me!"

I must say that the "poor dub" was only too glad to have the lion turn his attention elsewhere.

"That's all the balls—" began Osa, and then gave vent to a horrified "*Oh-h!*" as the lion trotted right past her up to the other lion.

She looked at me and gasped.

"Yes, he's been here all the time," I said weakly. "But there wasn't anything to do about him."

The two lions were soon nosing and pushing at one another in a friendly way, paying not the slightest attention to us. In a sense the incident was a narrow escape. And yet it reminded me again of the generous and decent nature of the lion under the right sort of circumstances in which he is not put forcibly on the defensive.

It was like the old book written back in 1684 which said in part: "The lyon, tho' he excel in fierceness and cruelty all the rest of the wild beasts, yet he shews a certain kind of magnanimous respect of man. For he never injures, unless he be ready to famish so that he do not betray his own fear."

By this time we decided we had all we wanted of this pair, and started back to camp. As it was still early we followed dongas and ravines, anywhere we might find more lions. We hated to leave those we had just been filming; we felt we should never find

finer ones or a more beautiful setting, or lions so willing to oblige in posing for their pictures in every conceivable pose.

But we wanted different groups of lions in different settings. Even at this we have never been able fully to still the suspicion that we saw and photographed only a few lions in a very few places. To the public one lion looks very much like another. But to the scientific student—the final audience for which we were preparing our picture—every little detail would count.

Already Osa and I could see the difference between the lions we saw, even though many animals were almost exactly the same size and coloring. There were differences in personality, temperament, facial expression and emotional reaction, just as there are such differences in human beings. Indeed, we often saw and recognized lions after we had photographed them; recalling their individualities in the same way we would those of old acquaintances at home.

This explains why so often, as on the day I have been describing, we got up and left a fine group of lions simply because we had had enough of them; and why we persisted in our work until we had seen and photographed over four hundred lions in all.

CHAPTER XIII

THE other day Osa and I, lunched at the Ritz. When we walked into the dining-room there was spread on a table near the door cuts of fine meats, cold shellfish and a dozen other dainties. Obsequious waiters joined a special chef in encouraging us to take our choice from the fine layout. I paused, fascinated more by the complexity of the foodstuffs than by their appeal to my stomach. Just then Osa tugged at my elbow and whispered: "Suppose you could dive right in and take your pick, Martin. And just as you had a mouthful a couple of lions came sneaking up as if they were going to steal your lunch. How would you feel?" I retorted: "No lion ever minded a man as much as a man minds a lion." And she replied: "How do you know?" Whereupon the Head Waiter stopped the argument by making us sit down and eat foods that were much too rich for any animal, including man.

"I've just had the darnedest experience with the nastiest lion in Africa," shouted Osa.

It was midnight.

"Where are you, Martin? I think we ought to go out and get him!"

I have never seen my placid wife in such a fury.

"You oughtn't to be out fooling with lions at this time of night," I mumbled, trying to get my sweater on before I rolled off my cot. I was down with fever again and Osa had succumbed to the temptation of flashlight work among the lions *alone*. Some nerve for a woman, it strikes me now that I'm eight thousand miles from the spot where we were camped at the time. But it didn't seem so then. I just felt at the time that if Osa was going to come home and stir us all up in the middle of the night she ought not to have gone out in the beginning.

Shows what an instinctive bear a man is anyway.

This is the way it came about: We had left the valley of reeds and big lions. Not that there wasn't plenty of chances for fine pictures; but, as I have said before, we wanted to be sure to get as wide a range of selection among our lions as possible.

Also the Chief who had been our guide suddenly remembered that one of his wives was going to have a baby and that he thought he'd better be around to enjoy the barbecue that would be held to celebrate the event.

Still another factor in our change was the arrival of a single wandering native who dropped into camp to see what we were doing. I think he was afraid that the rains would become heavy again. He no doubt felt that as white men we would give him

food and some sort of shelter if there was another one of the cloudbursts such as we had had some time before. Every day we were getting small showers, and the ground was growing harder to travel over.

The native who dropped in was a lad of only eighteen or twenty. He was of medium height, of slight build and of very friendly disposition; not at all sullen the way so many of the southern tribes are. He was an optimist, too; much like the old Chief.

"Bwana want to see animals?" he inquired when he saw our outfit.

"Lions especially," Bukari told him.

The native extended both hands in a theatrical gesture and began to babble.

When he finished and Bukari reported the gist of his highly-colored remarks we gathered the following facts: About sixty miles away there was a small river known to the natives as the Tooma. It was winding and had thick vegetation on both banks. In wet weather it sometimes overran its banks. But none of these things deterred vast multitudes of game—so the native said—from inhabiting the country about.

We had heard of the Tooma River and knew roughly its location. But we had never been able to reach it before on account of the deep valleys and dongas that surrounded it.

"He says he knows a way to get there," Bukari told us.

"By motor car?" I asked.

There was more babbling between the two black men and then Bukari said: "Yes. He thinks it will be very easy: in fact as easy as the white man's roadway."

That native certainly was an optimist. Had I known then what I know now I should never have dreamed of trying to reach the river from where we were by way of motor.

However, the fellow really did know the way. I mean there was no hesitation in telling us where to turn and how to head. But the rock piles and brush heaps, the ravines and morasses that he insisted we drive through are still a nightmare in my memory. It was only the superb power and strength of our cars that saved us; for surely an army tank, built for No Man's Land, would have shrunk from facing such an ordeal.

Finally we got across the Blanketti River and down into the rocky river bed that marked one branch of the Tooma. There were occasional pools of stagnant water; and many mudholes that the game had trampled into a soupy mess. But there was also game.

Best of all, the native had not exaggerated about the game. Never before had we seen such gigantic

herds of zebra, topi, wildebeeste and others. Most interesting of all, were the storks; tens of thousands of them, both the common maribou and a smaller variety that we had never seen before. There were so many that they hardly took the trouble to get out of our way when we drove through in our autos. In one place where the plains spread out for several miles the only thing we could see were storks.

"Ask him if they are here all the time," I told Bukari.

The usual long babble. Then:

"He says no, Bwana. Each year at this time, just after the rains start, certain bugs hatch out which the storks like. They gather from afar to feast on them."

It looked as if we had unwittingly uncovered a scientific fact.

A little further on we suddenly rounded a small hill and almost drove right into a family of seven lions which were sitting about and gossiping among themselves. As most of them were old males it might have been some sort of directors' meeting with a couple of young lionesses acting as secretaries. However, the secretaries were anything but well-behaved. They skylarked about and took the most disrespectful sort of liberties with the old fellows. While we watched, one saucy young lady actually started a row between two big lions that might have

degenerated into a fight to the death had I not by accident pushed the horn button just then and let out a loud blast.

Instantly, all seven lions were on their feet at once; and a chorus of angry growls were hurled at us for interfering with the happy hour.

"Pictures, Bwana?" asked Bukari.

But I shook my head. A drizzle of rain was beginning, and a sinister humming in my ears told me that my fever was coming on again. So we went on and made camp about a mile away.

On the following day my fever came on in earnest.

"Never mind," Osa comforted me, "I'll get some pictures."

I wasn't enthusiastic because I knew the risks she would be taking. Not that she wasn't brave enough to face as many lions as I would. But I just didn't like the idea of her doing the job alone. I cursed my weakness for having fallen victim to this scourge of the traveler. I suppose I had been going too hard, and getting too little sleep, as I sometimes do when I am thoroughly engrossed in my work.

"All right," I finally consented. "Only, please don't take any risks."

Near sunset I went out with Bukari and helped make Osa comfortable in her motor car about a mile away from the tent. The cameras were set up fifteen feet in front of her. A dead zebra was hauled

in front of the cameras for bait, and the wires connected in such a way that Osa could fire her flashlight from the front of the car.

It was dark when I returned to the tent. I took a hot bath in an effort to throw off my fever. I followed the bath with a big dose of quinine and rolled in my blankets to work up a good heavy perspiration. I have found that this treatment will sometimes cure me overnight of a severe attack of malaria.

But I couldn't sleep. Every now and then I would hear a lion roar or catch the rustling of leopards that prowled about the tent. These sounds and the thought that Osa was alone out there in the darkness made me miserably uneasy. I could picture her holding a dozen lions at bay, and the circle of hungry beasts closing slowly in on her. Every now and then I'd drop off into a fever dream that would be full of lions, with Osa always at the point of being devoured.

It was about eleven P.M. when I was aroused by the report of Osa's flashlight going off. This meant that the lions had found her bait and that she had taken a picture. It also meant that the lions must still be beside her, because our flashlights practically never scared the lions away for any length of time.

So, of course, I felt more apprehensive than ever.

Unable to stand the strain I rose and got on some of my clothes. A dismal patter of rain on the roof of my tent, combined with a heavy silence of the plains, was almost worse than the roaring and prowling had been a few hours before.

I called for Bukari and got a prompt and cheerful answer from the other tent. In a moment he was at my side.

"We will get memsab," I told him.

"But Bwana is ill," he protested. Bukari is one of the few natives who uses his brains enough to be concerned about the health of his master. Most of them think we are such miracle workers that only evil spirits can possibly harm us; and of course an evil spirit powerful enough to down a white man is too powerful for a native even to hope to do anything about. Hence their lack of sympathy.

I didn't argue with the man, but set out in the direction I knew Osa to be. I suppose my fever made me a little less prudent than I would normally have been. For it was pitch dark and there must have been plenty of lions in the neighborhood, though the rain seemed to have dampened their roars for the time being. But all I could think of was my precious cameras being out there in the rain, and Osa being surrounded by lions.

To my vast relief we found Osa perfectly safe and sound. Worse still, from her point of view, she

hadn't seen a single lion, although she had heard plenty of them from the beginning. A horde of hyenas had overrun her bait right after dark and had eaten so industriously that there was scarcely a vestige of the zebra left when we arrived.

Rather than come back empty handed, Osa had taken a flashlight of the hyena banquet.

By the time we got the cameras in it was pouring down rain. Water somehow got into the gasoline and we had the very devil of a time starting the car. When I finally did get it going a fuse blew out of the lighting system.

Any one who has tried to drive down a perfectly good road on a dark night without any lights will have a fair idea of what it was like trying to feel our way through a trackless desert, lined with ravines and nubbled with boulders. The rain came down in torrents; but that didn't make any great difference so long as the car kept going.

Every now and then our car would come to a complete stop. Bukari would get out and feel around until he knew what it was.

"You are up against a tall rock," he would say.

Or: "Bwana, it is impossible because three trees and much bush are standing against the nose of the car."

Then we'd back off and try another way, going along an inch at a time so as not to plunge to our

end in one of the dongas that zigzagged back and forth across our path.

We might have waited until morning and gone home by daylight. But my fever was getting worse all the time, and I didn't want to come down with pneumonia on top of what I had already.

One little break of luck came when Osa found a hand flashlight in one of the door pockets. It couldn't quite penetrate the sheets of rain that surrounded us, but it was useful when we collided with the various obstacles in our path.

Once when she flashed it through between the curtain and the windshield she uttered an exclamation and insisted on stopping at once.

"It's a baby Tommie!" she cried. "We almost ran over it!"

Nothing would do but that she should get out and pick the little drenched creature up and take it in the car with us.

By this time we were completely lost. We had been going around in circles for at least two hours and the mud was getting deeper, meaning that we must be approaching the river.

Then, just as I was going to give it up altogether, and with throbbing head make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the cold damp car, a great flash of lightning suddenly streaked across the sky. Had I been a superstitious native I know that I should have

looked on this as a sign from heaven. Perhaps it was—Osa said it was, and I am inclined to believe her; for at that very instant Bukari happened to be looking out and saw a mass of rocks that lay not five hundred yards from the camp. Twenty minutes later we were in the tents.

Next day was not much better; in fact my fever was naturally worse. One would have thought that after the experience of the night before Osa would have been content to stay in camp and read or talk. But she is a born sportswoman, and can't resist the challenge of the wild. So when a lion began roaring nearby the next evening she simply had to go out and try her luck again.

We agreed that if she got a picture of a lion I should go out and reset the apparatus so that she could continue. I felt too seedy to be of any real service, but thought that with Bukari's help I might at least be able to do this.

Again near midnight I was aroused by the *boom-m* of the flashlight discharge. Heavens knows I didn't feel like rousing out. But with a few groans and a terrific effort I managed to sit up swaying. I was so sorry for my own plight that I had lost some of my apprehension about Osa; it certainly is discouraging to be laid low right in the middle of the most interesting part of one's work.

But before I could pull on my clothes the glare of

the car's headlight swept across the tent door and the next instant I heard Osa cry out.

"I'm coming," I called back.

"The nastiest lion in Africa!" she repeated. "He tried to get me. I almost didn't get away from him."

It was exactly the kind of thing I had been dreaming about both nights.

While I finished dressing she told me what had happened.

"First, the hyenas came again," she said, "just the way they did last night. I threw rocks at them and yelled and even then they wouldn't clear out.

"Then all of a sudden the hyenas left. I knew that meant a lion was coming. I laid low for a while. Pretty soon a crunching of bones told me that it was a lion, all right. I got out the hand flashlight and threw it on the kill.

"Gosh, it was a whopper!"

It must have been, for Osa doesn't exaggerate.

"It didn't do anything but sit up and blink at me. Then it began to eat again. I couldn't get a decent picture with his head down. I tried whistling. That worked pretty well. He looked up and lifted an ear. It was just what I wanted. I pushed the button to fire. Nothing happened. Maybe the connections were wet. I whistled again. It seemed a shame not to get the pose the lion was in: ideal, with

a funny expression of curiosity and not a bit of fear or anger.

"I kept on pushing my button. All of a sudden the flash went off with a terrible bang. And then what do you think happened, Martin?"

I was too ill for much guessing but I said: "He charged?"

"Not exactly, but the result was the same. I think he was so startled that he tried to run away. The flash must have blinded him. He came right for the car. The first thing I knew I heard a crash and felt the whole car heave up. He had struck the mudguard head-on.

"He let out a roar that nearly scared me to death."

"It was enough to scare any one," I put in.

"I thought he'd come right up into the car after me. But he didn't. I suppose he thought he had been struck. At any rate he whirled about and plunged off into the darkness."

By this time some of the other blacks were gathered around. They couldn't understand what Osa was saying; but they knew that she had had some sort of exciting experience.

"Then I tried to drive back to camp just as we planned," she went on. "But something had happened to the batteries. Not only the self-starter wouldn't work but the lights wouldn't turn on.

"After stepping on the starter several times it

suddenly gave a buzz. My heart stopped when the buzz was answered by a growl. The lion was back. I suppose he felt it was safe because he had not been pursued.

"At this moment the car started and I threw in the clutch. But there was no place to go! Right ahead of me was the zebra and behind were three trees. The place where the car had been backed in was blocked by the lion.

"The only thing to do was to work toward the zebra and try to get out that way. But the minute I drove up to the body the lion sprang upon it growling and lashing his tail. I suppose he thought I was going to take it away from him.

"I backed up again and tried working through in the other direction. The lion hopped to the other end of the zebra and growled louder than ever. But I didn't dare wait around any longer. The beast was getting madder and madder. Any minute he might come for me. In the poor light I couldn't have done much with my rifle. So I just stepped on the gas and *zipped* ahead past the lion at full speed. I was too scared to look back. Gee, Martin, I must have made the camp in one minute flat!"

Mentally I vowed that Osa shouldn't go out alone again. Night work simply shouldn't be done alone in lion country. It is too dangerous.

As we were all aroused by this time, I took Bukari

and two of the boys and went out to the kill. We found the lion still there, finishing his supper. What a roar he gave us as a welcome!

"Well, if here isn't that blamed thing back again!" I think he said.

He came directly for us, not stopping until he was only a few feet away. I have never seen an angrier lion. He was growling continuously. His tail was waving sharply to and fro. And his head was lowered exactly as if he intended charging instantly.

When Osa tooted the horn he backed away. Then I threw stones at him until he had retreated a hundred feet. That gave me a chance to rescue my camera and flashlight apparatus. As the zebra had been dragged out of focus I did not think it worth while to try to set the whole gear up again that night.

"Anyway," said Osa, "I don't like the manners of my playmate, so let's go home."

I agreed. With Bukari's help we packed and made our way to camp. It was three days before I had the upper hand on my fever.

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT is an adventure?

Not necessarily a thrilling escape from death; a hold-up on a dark road at midnight; a fight in a tavern; nor a devastating affair of the heart. To be sure, these are adventures; but there are others. The newsboy, for instance, who runs after you when you have overpaid him a penny. The lark by the roadside of a spring morning. The old codger who has you pause in the midst of your business while he recounts an anecdote of days before you were born. The hilltop where life seems suddenly fresh and worth while again. The nook in the rocks where the surf roars aloof from the unmusical roarings of men. Moonrise and the soft bed of a summer's night. The fireside and a good friend when a blizzard howls without. The limping dog; the sobbing child; the merry quip; the chance acquaintance. These, and a thousand other bits of living, are all adventures. And he or she who meets them with the adventurer's heart will catch the extra pungency of their flavor to the day. . . .

Probably we were a little tired. Loss of sleep in the night blinds had made us out of sorts. Osa felt

it as much as I. Life was nothing but one solid round of lions. Momentarily I felt as if I never wanted to see another lion as long as I lived.

I even wrote this in my diary. "A dull day," I added. "Nothing going on."

Osa came up and yawned. "I'm bored," she said. Funny how often she echoes my moods—or I hers.

We decided the day and ourselves, possibly all of Africa, were a dead bust. A ride in Osa's car might cheer us up. Of course we took the cameras. That was habit.

Before we left, Alfani, one of the cook's boys, ran up and said: "The toto has stolen our meat."

"Why do you leave the meat around?" asked Osa.

Alfani turned away insulted.

The "*toto*," as he called it, was the result of his own efforts. Some days before he had made a trap out of a biscuit box. It had a door that would close when the animal had entered. After catching several jackals he finally, one morning, found a pair of baby hyenas in it. They were little balls of fluff; the cutest young animals I think we had ever seen. It was hard to believe they would ever grow up into their unattractive species.

For a few days we fed the babies pieces of meat just out of curiosity to see how they would behave.

Presently they became so tame that they could be let loose and would stay around camp. When they began to steal I let one loose and tied the other to a tree for further observation.

But every night the free brother would come in from the brush and lie until morning by the captive. And despite the fact that he got wilder and wilder, he bravely continued to keep his nightly vigil. When Osa and I couldn't understand such a show of fraternal love any longer we loosed the other one. We thought we were rid of them for good. But the very next night they both came and slept by the tree where the one had been tied! For two whole months they used to come. They disappeared only when they lost their pretty fluffiness and became the usual mangy sneaking hyenas like the rest of their kind.

"Do you suppose they were horrified when they grew up and found out what they were?" laughed Osa.

Alfani's complaint was about the young one who was loose.

Hyenas were often a pest. They used to sneak into camp despite the fact that we had big fires going and steal all sorts of things. They took the cook's shoes one night. This was a great crime, because the cook had gone barefoot all his life and this pair of shoes were as much a treasure to him as a silk hat

might be to a poor but respectable white man. Another night they stole Osa's best hunting boots. Everything that had leather on finally had to be locked up or it would disappear sooner or later. Sometimes we caught the hyenas in the act of their thefts; so there was no doubt who was doing the dirty work. The hyenas even crawled into the motor cars and gnawed off loose straps. They messed up Osa's garden until she had the boys build a high fence around it to keep them out. We had to hang the meat high in trees; hyenas are of the dog family and don't go into trees. One night they ran away with the slop pail, probably being attracted by the grease on the inside edge. Once I had to shoot a hyena that was running away with my binoculars. We had his carcass thrown about five hundred yards down to leeward from camp. But the wind changed and we had to send out and have him buried. No other animal will eat the meat of a dead hyena. This is good proof of how low the creature has fallen, for there is no other living thing in the jungle that the carnivorous bird or animal will not devour upon occasion.

One day we caught a hyena nearly full-grown. Somehow, despite my contempt for the beasts, they had a peculiar fascination for me. I suppose they appealed to me the way a moral degenerate might appeal to a doctor who had a taste for research.

I had this fellow chained to a tree. By feeding him it seemed that he might become tame enough for us to observe in some of his natural habits. But his first terror only increased with time. Finally after two days he became perfectly hysterical.

I now tried an experiment on him. In my medicine chest I had a small bottle of morphine tablets which I always carry into the field in case some one gets mauled by a lion and is in great pain. Luckily I have so far never had any use for them. Knowing that a quarter grain is enough for a normal human being, I broke up two quarters into small pieces and secreted them in a chunk of meat. The hyena swallowed the meat whole, then lay down for a few moments. In two hours' time the morphine had not quieted him. So I broke up four more and gave them to him. In three hours he was as restless as ever. Then I threw caution to the wind and went out to learn scientifically just what dose one should give an excited hyena. I gave my captive *ten* tablets. They never fazed him. Next morning I decided that his efforts in the cause of science had earned him his freedom and let him loose.

The morphine was good. Later I gave a quarter grain of it to a boy with lockjaw and it acted promptly; so I knew it had not deteriorated.

This morning of which I write we drearily climbed into the car and set forth with no destination what-

soever. Bukari and our guns accompanied us, only for the reason that we never went anywhere without them—and the cameras.

In ten minutes we were among the game herds. I feel that I must keep reminding the reader that I'm not exaggerating when I say that it was nothing to find from five to ten thousand head of game around our camp. We did find some interest in one pretty group of about six hundred eland, and followed them for a ways taking a few pictures.

As usual, there were more zebras than anything else. Twice we had to stop the car to let hundreds of them, closely packed, race past. In so doing they kicked up a cloud of dust that nearly choked us.

Whenever we came close to ostriches they would race beside us for a mile or two, getting as good a look as possible; then in a burst of speed they would cross ahead.

This idea of crossing ahead of the car seemed to be an obsession with the game. It reminded me of the Chinese custom of sampans trying to cross the bow of a steamer so that the faster vessel will cut off any evil spirits that may be trailing them. Once it had got by the herd stood perfectly still and watched us pass. They were satisfied that they had shown that they could run faster than we if they wanted to.

The little Tommies took special delight in this

maneuver. They would repeat it again and again, hopping into the air and switching their little tails as if in merriment at the joke they were playing on us. These little gazelles are very fast. Often we came to good stretches on the Plains and would make as high as forty-five miles an hour and still not keep up with a Tommy going at top speed.

Sometimes the giraffe would race us. But more often they would just stand and watch us curiously as we passed. There must be many thousands of these grotesque animals in this corner of the Serengeti Plains.

The lion situation was altogether different. Sometimes we would go along day after day and never see a lion, though there was plenty of their favorite game about. Then would come a streak of "lion days" in which we would see anywhere from ten to fifty lions between sunrise and sunset.

But every night they came to roar about our camp. And nearly always they seemed to be in the same relative positions. We found later that some of the old fellows never left their dongas. It was the younger lions that roamed about the plains and seemed to find a new sleeping place every night.

"They're like human beings," said Osa. "When they are young they like to go about and see the world. But when they are old they want a nice quiet spot to settle down in."

On the other side of the main herds and among some shallow dongas we came upon the four lions that we saw the very first day we had come into camp. We had seen them so often that we now knew them by sight. I guess they knew us too, for they paid not the slightest heed to the chugging of our motor, other than to look the other way as if they didn't see us, a special lion trick.

These lions lived in the donga where we got our water. We sometimes met them strolling about a few miles from camp; but they always returned to their garden spot sooner or later. I think they liked to be near the water; and there were a few mimosa trees whose shade they could enjoy when hot weather came.

They were really a nuisance to me because they caused me to use up so much film on them. All four were beauties; and well above the average both in size and manes.

Today they were lying right in the trail at the only spot where we could safely cross the small rocky donga that wound down to this point. Apparently they had been dining, as all four were licking their chops and acted as if their bellies were full to repletion.

I stopped the car and yelled at them to get out of the way. But they only blinked and refused to stir. I ran up closer and yelled again. Again no

action. I ran closer, and finally touched one of them with my front wheel. He let out a growl but did not try to fight back. With a loud grunt of annoyance he pulled himself to his feet and waddled a few feet further on and lay down again.

"You fat old lunatics!" screamed Osa, "haven't you sense enough to move on when you see a car coming!"

One of them pricked up his ears at the sound of a new voice; the others hung their heads sleepily and panted. Apparently the traffic regulation on this avenue favored the pedestrian entirely.

Finally, in disgust I picked up the stiff leather pillow that Osa had been sitting on and hurled it at the nearest lion. It hit him on the nose. He didn't like it a bit and told us so by hopping to his feet and swearing at us lion-fashion, away down in his throat. Seeing his poise shaken seemed to stir the others. They rose to their feet and began to amble off.

"Come on, Martin!" exclaimed Osa. "We'd better put the fear of man into them some way. If we don't, the first shooting safari that comes down here will shoot them all."

I hated to make them lose confidence in us after all the fine posing they had done for me; but Osa was right. And this was the only way we could repay them. As we drove on we decided that the next time we fell in with them we would toot the

horn, shoot into the ground and make all the horrible noises of which we were capable, in order to make them nervous when a man was around. But, strange to say, we never had the chance. Next day they had left for good and we never saw them again.

"They couldn't forgive you, Martin," explained Osa, "for having hit the old fellow with the pillow. It was rude of you!"

Further on we ran into eleven lionesses and a wonderful big lion. I suppose it was his harem, and he the Sultan of Serengeti. But he must have had his troubles if he had to feed the family; for there were at least a dozen cubs of all ages and they looked as if they would keep the old man killing all night to feed them.

Before noon we took a short run back to camp for lunch. The day wasn't going so badly after all. We both felt much cheered. The weather was perfect and our animal friends seemed unusually friendly.

Perhaps it was a trace of my morning's ill-humor that made me think of the trick: but suddenly I conceived the most superb idea—at least, Osa said it was—for getting some pictures of a lion with various kinds of expressions on his face. We had seen the lions show all sorts of moods in the way they wrinkled their noses and brows; but when they knew we were photographing them they were inclined to

put on such poker faces that they all looked more or less alike.

Telling Bukari what I planned, we went back to the Sultan and killed a kongoni. I picked out one that I was sure he would bring down that night in any event. Then I had Bukari cut open the stomach and sprinkle in a whole can of red pepper.

When the nearest lioness saw that he had stepped aside from the kongoni she started for it. But the big lion promptly sprang out and grabbed her by the neck and wouldn't let her eat. Perhaps she had offended His Royal Highness and was being punished. After this had happened several times she waited until he dozed off and then made a quick spring. Before he could stop her she had reached the body.

The big lion now walked over to her, growling and scolding, and finally lay down with his back to the meal. He must have been so full of meat that the very sight of food made him sick. The lioness was not very hungry, for she ate daintily and slowly. All the time we waited anxiously for the pepper to take effect, but she had not reached the right spot.

After about an hour, during which our patience became nearly exhausted, the Sultan himself walked ponderously up to the body, warned his wife to beat it and lay down for a few bites. He stuck his nose squarely into the spot where Bukari had sprinkled

the pepper and began to gnaw. We could hardly wait to see what would happen.

Suddenly he stood up on all four legs, his whole body seemed to stiffen; and he made the most horrible face I have ever seen on any animal. I glanced around at Osa and her face was all screwed up in sympathy with the poor fellow. I could even feel my own nose curl.

He wrinkled up his nose and shut his eyes. His ears laid back and his shoulders hunched. He shook his head. He took one paw and scratched his nose so hard that it must have hurt. Then he lay down again and used both paws to scratch his nose, keeping his eyes tight shut all the time.

Then all at once he sprang to his feet again and let out a sneeze that literally shook the earth. Really I should have thought they would have heard that roar clear back at camp. The whole harem sprang to their feet in alarm. Even the cubs sat up and stared to see what had happened that Papa should make such a frightful noise.

Osa and I laughed until our eyes were streaming like the lion's. No Broadway show could beat this one. The fool expression on that old lion's face, and the series of prodigious roars that he emitted in the shape of sneezes once and for all drove our day's ennui away.

The old lion didn't pay the slightest attention to

us though we were only a few feet away. He was game, too. For when he had calmed down somewhat, and got his nose under control he opened his dripping eyes and went at the kongoni again!

And again he got a snoutful of pepper. And again the entire harem, the nursery, the whole wide Serengeti Plains resounded with his roaring sneezes. He seemed to have no idea where the pepper was coming from. And the more he got of it the more determined he was to finish his meal. I suppose some people will think it a cruel trick. But for a tough old lion it was a pretty tame joke, I am sure; though it certainly put a terrible dent in his dignity.

This silly performance went on for more than two hours. Osa and I were really weak from laughing. Our eyes and our jaws both ached. I think the ladies in the harem got so disgusted with the way their Master was behaving that they finally wouldn't even look at him when he was going through his paroxysms. The cubs simply ignored him; all except one cub that trotted down and took a great delight in watching Papa perform. Once when Papa was roaring his old head off, eyes tight shut of course, the little cub cocked his ears first on one side and then on the other, and timidly put up one paw as if to find out if this were some new kind of game Papa had invented. But just then the old man let out a blast that nearly blew the youngster into the

air; at which he ran whimpering with fear to his mother's side. She comforted him, probably saying:

"Now just leave your father alone. You're too young to understand these things."

Weak and bleary eyed, Osa and I left the scene and returned to camp. Our dispositions had received just the medicine they needed. And while the day held no hair-raising events, it seemed full of adventure nevertheless.

CHAPTER XV

"THE generally accepted theory is that a lion, like a bishop, must be the husband of one wife. I am not sure about this, for a lion is sometimes seen in the company of several ladies, and a lady in the company of several gentlemen, which latter fact might be considered to argue for a theory of polyandry. Where lions are not very numerous, probably they are more frequently found in pairs, or a lion, lioness, and one or two cubs. I have seen real, or grass, widow lionesses with one or more cubs. It is not uncommon to see a lion, or a lioness with two young lions, and one or two cubs in a family party; and several times I have come across two old lions and a lioness living and hunting together. I really do not know what to make out of their marital relations, but there is no doubt that a lion often evinces quite the proper amount of faithfulness and affection for the particular lady of his choice for the time being, and will hunt for her and the young family."

SIR ALFRED PEASE.

I think it was on the Fourth of July that Osa and I suddenly came on a big herd of giraffe. By working

to windward and using some brush for cover I got my camera up and cranked out a few hundred feet of film.

The giraffe were sauntering slowly down to the edge of the scummy water. Despite their long legs and towering necks they were a graceful lot. At the first *whir-r-r* of the machine they paused. Their legs stiffened and their small heads waved anxiously to and fro.

"What is it?" the leader seemed to say. He was an old bull giraffe of unusual size.

"Oh, let's run!" his poor wife probably whimpered as she took a few nervous steps back in the direction in which she had come. But the next instant her mother's instinct asserted itself and she moved swiftly to the side of a gangling baby giraffe with legs so long and fragile that they seemed to bend under the little fellow's weight.

The tall old leader of the herd stood his ground. I noted him particularly because he was so beautifully marked. He had courage, too. For while he had no idea what made the queer noise that had startled him, he dared wait to see what it was. Yet he knew his deadly enemy the lion might be about. If so, he had no means of defense; indeed, being a giraffe, he could not even cry out, for the giraffe can make no sound.

I stopped cranking. The herd listened a few

moments longer, then came down and drank. I cranked again. This time the noise was not new and only the leader rose up and listened. But he soon respread his legs and dropped his long neck to the water.

After drinking, the herd moved away and we forgot them while zebra and wildebeeste wandered down in crowds, interspersed with kongoni, Grant's gazelle, and other thirsty denizens of the sun-scorched plains. But we had not seen the last of the brave giraffe leader.

On our way back to the camp Osa suddenly nodded to a mimosa tree that stood by a low patch of thorn brush. As she always spotted lions first I thought she saw one now.

"Where?" I asked involuntarily.

She pointed just to the left of the tree.

We circled carefully to leeward, got out and tip-toed up, always ready for the rush of an angry cat which one must not forget in lion country.

"*Ah-h-h!*"

The exclamation broke from both our throats involuntarily. There before us lay the animal we were stalking. But it wasn't a lion. It was the old giraffe leader, dying.

As I went up and laid my hand on his head he rolled his big brown eyes at me. There was a look of pleading in them that I couldn't bear.

"Oh, how cruel!" cried Osa. I agreed—as much moved as she. "Look at those scratches!" She pointed to half a dozen bloody wounds in the giraffe's soft skin which only the claws of the lion could have made. We glanced about but the assassin had disappeared.

Osa clenched her hands and tears of anger rolled down her cheeks. She was half-crying when she said: "What is the sense of it all? Why should God put those beautiful gentle creatures into the world if they are only going to suffer?"

That night Osa and I talked until late on the subject, sitting in front of our blazing fire and listening to the myriad night sounds of wildest Africa: *boom-boom* of the ostrich, cackle of hyenas, snorts and squeals of zebra herds and the fierce grunting roar of the tracking lion.

"You're only partly right," I told her, trying to figure it out the best I could. "Life everywhere is cruel for a few, even in civilization. Here among the millions of wild game the rule holds especially true."

"But why should there be such a rule at all?" persisted Osa. "Why should there be suffering and death among the harmless creatures?"

While I fumbled for an answer, our fire of thorn-brush crackled softly and the black wall beyond its rays was studded here and there with glinting eyes

that belonged to invisible bodies lurking in the grass.

"I can't answer it all, Osa," I finally told her. "But I can clear it up a little. In the first place, the proportion of wild game that feeds the meat-eaters is relatively small—say, less than a hundredth of one per cent. Secondly, the reason the lion didn't finish the giraffe off this afternoon was that we probably scared him away just as he had brought his prey down. Thirdly, it is usually the weak or the slow or the aged that fall easiest prey to the hunters, both man and beast; and this may be a blessing in disguise in that it tends continually to improve the species."

A day or two after we had this talk there came a chance to measure my philosophy to some degree.

We had taken provisions for an overnight stay on the Blanketti River, a day's journey below our camp. But to our disappointment the lions there were very scarce. On the second morning we were just about to return when I sighted a handsome lion seated on his haunches beside a six-foot ant-hill. In the grass at his feet I could see the vague outline of another lion.

Something in the old fellow's face attracted me. He was just another lion after weeks of lions. And yet there was a personality in the lean straight nose and broad jowls framed in black mane that made

me think of a warrior who has long fought, not for the sake of fighting, but in a righteous cause.

As the lion did not seem to notice me I went back to the car where Bukari was packing for our move and told him to bring the cameras.

"One lion?" he asked, a little contemptuously I thought.

"No, two, I think," I said. But both Osa and I thought he was worth a bit of film.

To this day I don't know whether it was instinct or not; but we were right.

When we set up about fifty yards to leeward the old lion rose and growled a warning.

"Now just keep your distance," he told us, scarcely baring his teeth. His long tail, always a perfect barometer of cat temper, waved slowly to and fro.

At this the form beside him slowly came into view. It was a lioness. Beside her, crouching but curious, was a cub not over six months old.

Perhaps it was because the father lion knew that we saw his family that he suddenly came a few steps toward us and growled again. At any rate, then was revealed a domestic tragedy of the jungle. For as the lion moved we saw he limped from a hind leg that was stiff. And across his rump ran a long scar as broad as my hand that could only have been made by the spear of a native.

"Gosh!" I remember I exclaimed. "Look how thin the old man is!"

It was true. We saw now that he was all skin and bones. And so were his wife and only son! Indeed, the small fellow's face had that pinched look of a poor child who carries papers to eke out the family fortune.

The lioness paid little heed to us. She glanced up into her mate's face with an expression of wistful concern and then rubbed her shoulder against him with a low growl that was almost a purr. "Don't be worried, Simba," she seemed to say. "I don't believe they're going to harm us."

We knew now why this family of lions stayed down here away from the rest of their kind. The lioness loved her lion and her cub. Had the three gone north the law of the jungle would have held: her good looks would have lured another mate and the lame old lion would have lost both his wife and their son.

With a growing pity we watched the family for several hours. They were not responsible for being lions and being alive. All they knew was that hunger gnawed within them and that tragedy threatened the only happiness they had ever felt.

After a while they decided we did not mean to attack them and they began to ignore us. The lame father lay down again, keeping a weather eye on us,

while the mother set about the only solution to their misery. She was not the bread-winner of the family but she determined to do her bit.

Nearby grazed a small herd of zebra. She nuzzled her cub and wagged her head in their direction.

"Look, boy," I think she told him, "there is a meal for us all if you will only help me."

"Yes, mother," whined the cub. "Gee, I'm hungry!"

"All right, son, now do exactly as I say. You sneak around behind the zebra and then roar as loud as you can. That will scare them. When they run away I'll be in front and kill one if I can."

"*Gr-r-r-r*," growled the old lion, probably meaning "their hoofs are sharp. Look out." But he made no move to help them. No doubt he had long since accepted his helplessness with what grace he could. He just rubbed against his wife and licked her face in encouragement and watched her wistfully as she slipped off in the grass toward the other side of the zebra herd.

For an hour we watched the tactics of the cub and its mother. There was little doubt about what they were trying to do. But they failed utterly. Of course the cub had not yet learned how to stalk game close enough, for the zebra would trot away in various directions when he came close. And the mother had neither the weight nor the strength to

pull down a full-grown animal. Toward sunset they gave up.

Next day we saw the same forlorn family moving across the valley nearby. The cub was trotting ahead, while the lioness walked faithfully by her limping mate. When we came upon them that afternoon they were still without food. I think the lioness seemed weaker and the cub was listless with lack of nourishment. If there was ever a "neediest case" that family certainly was one. We had to do something; so before we left we went to the nearest zebra herd and picked out what seemed to be an ancient and ailing member, just as if we had gone to a lot of farm cattle. We killed it with a single merciful shot and presented the carcass to the starving lions.

At first they were dubious and would not come near the kill while we remained close to it. So we backed off a bit and waited. It was half an hour before the female and her lad would come out. The cripple followed some distance in their rear.

We allowed them to eat about ten minutes. Then Osa went slowly forward. But the slightest movement on our part frightened the whole family away. They certainly were licked to a frazzle, those poor lions. Although they were starving they would not risk the slightest hostile movement.

Several times we backed off to get them out; and

several times they retreated before I could get close enough for a picture. Finally I gave it up.

We came back to the spot the next morning. The three lions were just cleaning up the last of the zebra; but they weren't happy. Around them was a close circle of evil faces—hyenas awaiting their chance. And we thought of what might be the fate of the cripple if ever his wife deserted him. Such is the law of the jungle. We moved back and watched them and half an hour later saw the three making their plodding way across the veldt, the old lion still in the rear limping sadly along. But Osa and I both thought they looked better than when we first saw them. At least now they had sufficient strength to get along until they could capture a small buck.

When I got back to Nairobi I told some people about this crippled lion episode. One man said he would have shot the three to have gotten them out of their misery. Another declared he would have shot them to have saved hundreds of buck and zebra. Still another exclaimed that Osa and I were queer people to kill a zebra in order that three mangy lions might live.

A curious sidelight on the incident was that at the same time a professional white hunter was down in the Masai Reserve in the southern part of Kenya, killing lions for the Kenya government. It was said that he killed no less than eighty of them during

the summer. The purpose of this was to help out the Masai natives who claimed that the lions were massacring their cattle.

No doubt the real explanation of our concern for the lion family was our feeling toward it as a "family unit." There is an appeal of this sort in all wild animals; and it applies, of course, especially to their young.

I remember that a few days later we began by some strange coincidence literally to stumble over jungle babies of one sort or another nearly every day. A baby hyena got caught in a box trap we had sent to keep its thieving parents away from our meat. It was not very frightened and seemed almost as interested in us as we did in it. I'm almost sorry to say that we let it go, because it would have grown up to be just as unattractive as the others of its species.

The very next day we were driving across the plains in our truck and came on a leopard with something in its mouth. I headed right for it and scared the beast so that he dropped his load right in our tracks. It was a little "Tommie" or Thompson's gazelle, not over a few months old. We snuggled him down in a petrol case half full of grass and in a few hours he was able to gallop back to his family.

Osa had the same sort of experience with a cheetah. Three of them were acting suspiciously in a clump of

trees while she was out after birds for the table. She cocked her gun and went for them. As they ran she saw one carried a small animal in its mouth and heard the pitiful cry of a baby impalla.

When Osa shot, the cheetah dropped its prey and disappeared into the bushes. With the help of her native gun-bearer she took the infant back to camp. He had a few tooth marks on his neck, but seemed otherwise unharmed. Osa washed off his wounds and put him to bed to recover.

The next morning our little patient was not only well but had adopted Osa as his foster mother! Everywhere she went about the camp he followed her with his eyes and seemed happiest when she sat down beside him and stroked his soft coat.

After she was sure that he was well and strong, she took him out to a place where there were no lions nor cheetah so far as we knew, and turned him loose. But he refused to go home. He trotted about and seemed to feel that while the exercise was pleasant he was perfectly contented with the new mother that he had found.

I wish that I could have kept the little fellow with us and brought him home to America as a pet. But I knew that his little body would grow tall and agile and that he would be altogether miserable cooped up in a corral. So we waited until he got good and strong and kept our eye out for a herd of impalla.

When Bukari reported a lot of the animals on the hill behind our camp, Osa led the baby impalla toward them. Going as close as she dared she let it loose and shooed it on. For a few moments it hesitated. I suppose it was disappointed and hurt to find that Osa, who had been treating it so kindly, should behave in so alarming a manner. Suddenly it seemed to get the scent of its kind, kicked its little heels in the air and galloped delightedly in their direction.

The impalla, by the way, is a hospitable beast. Later we saw the same herd with three young kongoni among it and several times at the local waterhole I watched young zebra join the impalla rather than their own kind.

The Tommies are just as friendly, but they are so small and defenceless that they are nervous in the presence of the other animals. The Tommy family generally travels together, father and mother and babies keeping close to one another just like a human family out for a Sunday walk. The baby is usually about a foot high and full of spirits. When the mother lies down her little one jumps about her, stiff-legged, shaking its head and begging her to get up and chase him. Meanwhile the father stands nearby nibbling away at the grass but always alert for the slightest sign of danger.

Just before we left the country we saw a new sort

of family tragedy in wholesale form. A vast game movement had begun in the upper reaches of the Athi Plains. Doubtless the rainy season had been too short and the blazing sun traveling for days in too cloudless a sky. Drought set in.

There were zebra and wildebeeste; hundreds of thousands of them was our first estimate. Then, after days of watching and many hours of counting groups, we knew there were millions. With them were lions and hyenas and jackals while overhead were countless thousands of vultures and maribou storks ready to swoop down on any fallen beast. In places where they had gorged on meat, the vultures and storks strutted foolishly along almost unable to rise into the air on account of their extra burden of food. Later, when the main migration had passed, came countless thousands of Thompson's gazelle.

As in a great human migration it was the young that suffered mostly. When we went close to make pictures the first thing we noticed was now and then poor little baby zebras trampled to death in the mob. No doubt the little fellows had gotten tired out in the long day's march and had lain down to rest, soon to be separated from their anxious parents. Then the trampling mass behind would flow over them and crush the life out of their little bodies before they could rise.

But it is probable such concentrated migrations

take place only once a wild animal generation, if that often. And it is fair to say that at other times family life in the jungle is not unhappy nor tragic. Surely the baby with the good bringing up and perfect health has just about as good a chance of a long and joyful life as any of us humans have—with none of the myriad drawbacks of our over-organized civilization.

CHAPTER XVI

*"Oh, speak to me not of the name great in story,
For the days of our youth are the days of our glory. . ."*

IT seems just the other day that I was sitting in the small yard behind my father's store in Independence, Kansas. "When will you have that job done?" called Dad. "Pretty soon," I answered vaguely. For my mind was not on the work of opening cases that had been shipped us. The labels on those cases had fired my imagination with wild desires. Some said "Japan," others "Paris"; and still others named ports much further around the globe. But all filled me with a nameless passion to be up and out of it all; to leave this humdrum life and go to the ends of the earth. Indeed, it was only a few weeks later that I succumbed to temptation and ran away from home, to become exactly the wanderer I had dreamed of being.

In early July we left our base camp down in Tanganyika and returned to Nairobi to meet three important visitors who were coming out to spend a few weeks with us.

These visitors were no less than three fine young Americans, selected by competition from over eight hundred thousand Boy Scouts. Through the kindness of George Palmer Putnam and David T. Layman and the splendid coöperation of James West, the Executive Head of the Boy Scout Organization, these three lucky lads were given the trip free of all expense.

"Am sending three fine dogs, Sig. Putnam," was the unexpected message that was handed me at Nairobi. Overnight the magic of cable transmission evolved the "dogs" into "boys," and we knew all was well.

On July 9th Dick Douglas, Dave Martin and Douglas Oliver reached Mombasa and were escorted to Nairobi by a delegation of East African Boy Scouts. On July 10th Osa and I, accompanied by the American Consul, the Nairobi Scout Master and many prominent citizens of British East Africa, met our young protégés at the Nairobi station.

Never have I been more proud of my country than when I saw those three attractive boys step off the train. They were all three different, yet all three alike. They were alike in their blooming health, their shining faces, white teeth, easy yet modest manner and general air of competent young manhood. They differed as follows: Dave was a sturdy blonde from the north; Dick was darker and slightly reserved; Douglas was the traditional easy-

going southerner, a born mixer and wit. Yet all three became so instantly popular, and won so completely the hearts of Osa and me, that it is dangerous to try to distinguish between them.

Womanlike Osa did the sensible thing: she took them home and fed them. I could see at once that we should need a replenishing of our larder in the field.

Three days later we reached our base camp. Bukari had done a good job with his gang during our absence. He had cleared a thirty foot circle of grass to protect us against prairie fires; and there was a pile of logs beside the cook tent twenty feet high.

I had forgotten how thoroughly Boy Scouts are trained for field work. The minute Dave, Dick and Doug hopped out of the cars they set to work. Before I could stop them they were rustling their baggage about, unpacking their equipment and making furniture for their tents out of food boxes.

"It just isn't done," I explained to them. "You are in Africa now. The White Man hunts and travels and explores while the native does the camp work."

But it took several days before the Scouts got used to having the porters do a lot of the things a Scout is taught to do at home. It was a good thing, though; because it left them that much more energy for the hard safaris ahead.

I now awakened to the truly serious responsibility that I had taken on myself. Not only had we agreed to show our lions to the boys, and *vice versa*; but it was understood that each boy was to be allowed to shoot one lion. Of course Osa and I had grown pretty free with the lions around our neighborhood. In the same way the lions had become somewhat used to our being around them. But it was all a sort of armed truce, we felt; the lions were ready to break out and attack should we molest them, and here we were, without warning, preparing to shoot three lions for no good cause at all.

There had been some objection at home to this plan of having the Boy Scouts shoot lions. The Scout ritual decrees that a member of the organization must be a friend to wild animals. And it wasn't exactly friendly to take a pot shot at one.

However, it is difficult to class the African lion with the chipmunks and squirrels of the United States. The spirit of conserving wild life meets my hearty approval; Osa and I have lost much time and a great deal of money living up to our standards in this. But both we and the officials of British East must adjust our philosophy to meet the murderous propensities of the big cats. At times a bounty is paid on lion skins to keep the numbers down. Not infrequently a lion will spend its whole lifetime killing innocent wild game and once in a while

assassinating a human being; and yet die of old age. So it is not a cruel act to kill a lion, though I can never bring myself to believe in slaughtering them in great numbers the way some sportsmen have.

As for actually taking wild life, how about the righteous citizen and the housefly? Does he withhold his swatter as an act of kindness? No, a housefly is not so large as a lion; but it is a creature of God's fashioning none-the-less.

In other words, it boils down to a case of using one's justice and common sense, being guided largely by the very sound principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Indeed, I wasn't a millionth part so worried about the boys killing a lion as I was about the lion killing a boy. And I tell you I was really worried.

However, those three boys were "rarin' to go." Ten men like me, and ten herds of wild beasts wouldn't have altered their determination to go out and get chummy with the first lions they saw.

On the boys' second day in camp we were awakened at 4:30 A.M. It would have surprised those who think the tropics are hot to see us scramble for the fire, pulling on sweaters and overcoats. Early morning on the high East African plateau is often a chilly matter.

After a good breakfast of eggs laid by Osa's hens we got away just as the sun was rising. I was a

little afraid the boys were going to be disappointed. For while Osa and I had seen hundreds of lions in the neighborhood—about which we had told the boys—sometimes we went for days without seeing a single one.

But not a mile from camp the boys' dreams came true.

"There's one!" exclaimed Osa.

She didn't have to explain. I could see all three boys stiffen as they peered ahead into the brush where a tawny shadow had just flitted out of sight.

For several hours we passed stray lions, here and there, but never got close enough for the boys to try either their cameras or their guns. About 10 A.M. we saw our first maned lions, three big fine fellows, and just the sort I wanted the boys to get for a trophy. We followed cautiously as the lions trotted ahead, but we did not overtake them for some time. Finally the biggest and heaviest-maned of the three lions turned angrily and growled in our direction. By this I knew that he had lost patience with our annoying pursuit.

"Now you're going to see some fun," I told the boys. But I didn't feel as light-hearted as I tried to seem. Somehow those three boys looked just a mite too juicy for me to enjoy hungry lions in their vicinity.

It was Doug's first turn to shoot. We had

decided this before leaving camp. The method of decision was simply that the boys had me think of a number, and the one who guessed closest to it got the first lion; the next nearest the second; and the furthest away from the number had to shoot third.

"All right, Doug," I told the lad.

He stepped a little ahead of us, rifle in hand. He was scared, but he did not flinch. About fifty feet ahead of him was the lion, a good big one, too; plenty big enough to swallow a fifteen-year-old boy down in one meal.

"When he raises his head let him have it," I whispered.

Doug nodded. I saw that his face was somewhat pale and his hands were shaking slightly, but he was going through with the job.

The lion crept forward, his tail voicing his rage. Then he flattened down to the ground and began to crawl. At any minute he was likely to charge.

"Aim for the whiskers under his chin," cautioned Osa. "If you shoot too low you'll only get him in the chest."

At the sound of Osa's voice the lion sprang up, ran forward a few feet and then crouched again. He was an ugly looking beast and meant mischief.

Just at this moment the lion raised his head again. I am sure he was taking a look for a final rush. Whether we could have stopped him if the boy missed,

we, of course, could not be sure. That was just one of the things that worried me sick.

Doug used excellent judgment. He fired. A corking shot, too; for the lion rolled over stone dead! The bullet had gone into the animal's chest, severed his windpipe, pierced his heart and lungs and right on through his body, puncturing almost every vital organ. It was one of the best shots I have ever seen.

"No!" I ordered when all three boys started to dash ahead. "You've got to be absolutely sure a lion is dead before you touch him."

We looked around for rocks to throw at the body; but finally had to take off our boots and toss them at the lion. When he didn't move I gave the word to load him aboard our car.

While our skimmers were at work in camp we had lunch and planned the afternoon. Talk between the Boy Scouts was at a fever pitch of excitement. Dick, I think it was, phrased their feelings when he exclaimed: "Gee, I never dreamed it would all start off with a bang the very first morning!"

None of us could stomach another killing that day. So Osa and I thought we'd better show our visitors what we called "Lion Valley." This was a shallow donga some miles away where I had gone with Carl Akeley and first seen a large number of wild lions that were willing to let some human beings get on anything approaching friendly terms.

It was near sunset and too late for good photographing on account of clouds when we reached the spot. But the light was good enough for our boys' eyes. Their astonishment was a joy to watch when they saw draped about the ant-hills of this bit of big game paradise nine full-grown live lions. We went in among the lions, once or twice within forty feet of them, without stirring up a single act of hostility. As if to show the Boy Scouts what a lion does in his off hours the beasts licked their paws, ruffled each other's hair and played about in the most entertaining way.

Nothing could have pleased Osa and me better, for so many people are inclined to take our adventures among lions "with a grain of salt."

Over the camp fire that night we all reviewed the day's work. Dick figured that we had seen no less than twenty-one lions. And while we talked we must have heard some of those same lions roaring away in the darkness while they went about their nightly business of killing. We heard the *honk-honk* of the wildebeeste as they were stampeded by the lions; and the pounding rush of zebra feet as the herd fled from their traditional enemy. A close ring of hyenas circled camp, mooing and laughing and trying to get up courage to come into the light where meat hung temptingly from the lower branches of surrounding trees.

We discussed some of the common game that we were going to let the boys shoot. This was unavoidable though limited slaughter. As I have said before, we had to keep our black porters in meat. Each Scout would get an eland, a waterbuck, a Grant's gazelle and an impalla. This would give them a good set of trophies for taking home, also meat for camp.

"What impressed you most today?" I asked each in turn.

I expected to hear them all agree on the thrill of facing an angry lion about to charge.

"The enormous number of animals," popped out Doug. The others felt the same way. None had had any idea that there is ever such a concentration of wild animals. I could see their point. Since morning we must have seen *a hundred thousand* head: giraffe, zebra, impalla, topi, kongoni, ostrich, wart hogs, Tommies, Granties, dik-dik, waterbuck, bushbuck, reedbuck, bat-eared foxes, lions, cheetahs, hyena and many other species. Moreover, we had seen this vast menagerie at close range.

The next few days passed in very much the same way, sight-seeing among the host of animals that surrounded us. Sometimes we saw lions, sometimes we didn't. But we were always within sight of game.

It was on the eighth day that Dick and Dave got

their lions. Early in the morning we flushed three fine fellows with big manes that flurried out when they trotted away from us, circling for our scent. Several times the lions stopped and gave ugly snarls; but when the boys started to get out of the car the lions would move on again.

At a grassy donga, which gave good cover, the lions decided to make a stand. They were all in a bad humor, probably having been disappointed in their zebra hunting the night before. Possibly they thought we might make a good meal if they could pick out one or two of us.

It speaks well for the nerve and marksmanship of our Boy Scouts that Dave and Dick took Osa's Springfield and each dropped a lion without complications. The reader would have to know all the mutilations and deaths that have occurred under similar circumstances among even trained hunters to appreciate how deftly these fifteen-year-olds did their job.

But their secret attitude toward the killing business was revealed when Dick handed the rifle back to Osa and said:

"Well, that's over with. Now we can photograph in peace!"

Yet it was not surprising to me that the boys showed so little enthusiasm. All of us were glad that the lion shooting was over. And I made a

mental vow that I would never shoot another lion or be either present or an accomplice at another lion shooting except in emergency.

As it was Dick's birthday we returned to camp before it was dark because Osa had some ideas about a party. Later she had us served with a magnificent birthday dinner, topped off with a delicious cocoanut cream pie which she made herself. Dick was sixteen; and according to Dave and Doug, "very proud of himself." Again we sat around the big fire Bukari always had built in front of our living tents, listening to the jackals calling, the baboons barking, bark of the reedbuck, and the never-absent roaring of the lions.

The next thing on the program was some night work. Here again I felt keenly my responsibility for the safety of the three boys. Not that they couldn't have handled themselves well in a crisis, and had plenty of pluck. But Osa and I had been doing this sort of thing for so many years that I knew we gauged the behavior and menace of lions far better than most people.

However, this was a thrill that the boys couldn't afford to miss.

"We weren't exactly scared," laughed Dave after it was all over. "But we would have yelled bloody murder if any one had said '*boo!*' to us good and loud at the critical moment!"

We rigged up the flashlights and cameras in the usual way. A zebra bait was laid down in focus. Firing wires were led to the truck where I stationed the three Boy Scouts. The sides of the truck were of wire and the top strong enough, I thought, to keep out a full-grown lion. Bukari made the back end secure with his own hands by lashing poles across it. This light wire and the poles were the only defense the boys had. They knew as well as I that if the lions attacked in a group—"ganged" them, as it has been called—they wouldn't have a chance.

Having settled the boys, Osa and I set up another "rig" of cameras about three hundred yards away. I chose ground that was higher than that on which the truck stood, in order that I might be within sight of the boys in case anything went wrong.

By eight o'clock we both settled down to wait. The boys had full instructions about how to fire the flash, and what to do if a lion attacked their station. I told them not to waste a picture on the hyenas that were bound to come first; and not to photograph a lioness unless several lions were on the kill at one time. What I wanted them to get was a good-sized maned lion. Then they'd have something to brag about.

At eight-thirty all was still. Even the lions seemed to have forgotten to roar that night. Not a breath

of wind was blowing. For once the jungle seemed to be full of peace.

Then the air was split by the boom of the Scouts' flashlight.

When we heard the noise Osa and I sat up and wondered what had happened. Lions seldom came about until near midnight.

"They must have taken a hyena after all," laughed Osa. I agreed.

After fifteen minutes I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. There was no warning shout from the Scouts; and we hadn't even heard a lion since sunset. So I took my .405 and walked over towards the truck, keeping well away from the nearby donga where lions were likely to be lurking. In fact, I didn't go as far as the truck, on account of a patch of reed grass between me and it—perfect cover for a lion.

"What did you get?" I shouted twice before they heard me.

"A big lion! And you'd better look out because he is hiding right there where you are standing!"

This wasn't so good. So I replied: "Well, go to sleep and we'll develop it in the morning." I hurried back to Osa and told her I was still sure the lads had a hyena. But they couldn't be blamed when one considered the excitement of being out alone for the first time in the wilds of Africa.

Our own party was a complete failure. All night we frightened hyenas away from our bait, but to no purpose. Not a lion showed up. This made us positive that there were none in the neighborhood.

At daylight I walked over to see if the boys had had a good sleep. The story they told me was enough to make any boy's hair stand on end.

Apparently, as soon as I left them the night before—not only the first, but the second time—lions showed up immediately. I can't help but feel that it must have been the three succulent young Americans as well as the fresh bait that attracted the beasts.

"We heard a bone crack," said Dave. "That told us a lion had come to eat. We raised up and peeped out between the poles across the opening at the rear."

It was then that Dick felt down in the blankets on the bottom of the car and picked up the two wires which, when touched together, would fire the flash.

"Just then," went on Dave, "the lion let out a terrible snarl. That was because we put our hand flashlight on him. But we had to find out if he were headed right for a picture."

He looked pretty good. But the boys held a whispered debate as to whether he could be made to pose better still. Certainly the lion heard their

voices as well as saw the hand flashlight. But he made no sign of retiring.

Just at this point Dick's hands got to trembling with excitement. The first thing they knew the flash went off. Dick had accidentally touched the two ends of the wire together.

As the boys could not reset the apparatus, and I had no desire to under the circumstances, they rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. They were awakened by a thumping noise against the car. Throwing on their hand light they found they were surrounded by seven lions. One big lioness stepped on the running board and then actually got up into the front seat.

"I bet it is the first time anyone ever had a lion try to drive his motor car!" said Dave.

For an hour or so the thrills continued; and knowing boys, I think they were thrills all right! The lions stood up and peered in through the screen. One tried to chew up the tires; and several took to chewing the camera tripods. But there was no violence in the true sense. Every time a lion felt the pangs of hunger he went over to the zebra and had a snack.

All three Scouts agreed it was the greatest night they had ever spent. And while they were pretty well scared at times, they wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience.

I developed their flashlight after breakfast. It proved their point. And it was one of the finest and clearest flashlight pictures of a lion I have ever printed.

During the following weeks our black porters had the time of their lives. They seemed to understand the Boy Scouts and the Scouts certainly understood the natives. It seemed to me that there was never an hour went by that the whole camp did not break out into roars of laughter over some new trick that our tireless young visitors had pulled off.

For instance, near the camp the Scouts dug a deep hole in the sand such as we get drinking water out of. Only we have to distill the water before it is palatable. The Scouts called this their "Swimming hole" and used to bathe in its turgid contents whenever they had time.

One evening I heard a great rumpus going on down by the cook tent. At first I thought some sort of riot had broken out among my black men. Then I caught the sound of uncontrollable mirth and knew that the Scouts were at it again. Going down I found them taking turns throwing peanuts into Mogo's capacious mouth.

One thing that interested me was a competition held between the Wacommas and our Scouts. The former live by their bows and arrows. Dick had done only a little archery at home. Yet he could

outshoot the natives three times out of three. Of course the secret was that the Wacomma do not shoot directly at their prey. When hunting they get up as close as they can to a herd of grazing animals and shoot into the air. They trust to luck that the arrow will fall point down in the back of same game animal. Poison on the arrow's tip soon kills the stricken animal.

Another thing not only the blacks, but Osa and I, liked about our Boy Scouts was the fact that they were not "fair weather sailors." They kept their good humors whether it was good weather or bad, whether they were tired or hungry, successful or discouraged.

One day we were all ready to have another night of exciting flashlight work when it began to rain. We had left Bukari and his buddy, named Ponda Ponda, to watch the gear until we got there. But the floods of rain put a damper on our plans. It was one of the worst rains of the summer. It beat through our tent flies and through the tent walls. It flooded the ditches around the tents and covered the floors to a depth of six inches. We crawled into bed but the blankets were soaked. Our shoes floated away; and we were altogether cold and miserable.

The Boy Scouts were in the same state of misery that we were. The natives were worse: they huddled down under the cars, pots and pans floating past

them, and not a dry inch of ground to lie upon. When a lull in the storm came I hurried out and rescued Bukari and Ponda Ponda.

On my return to camp I found the Scouts happy as larks. It had begun to rain again, but they had put on their bathing suits and were splashing about in the mud like a trio of ducks. Their good spirits soon were communicated to my porters, and in a jiffy the camp began to look shipshape again.

When the work was done the Scouts got old Aussaine, the cook, and began trying to teach him some tumbling tricks, much to the joy of the other natives. They would make him stand on one foot, squat and then try to rise without touching the other foot. After he had fallen down several times they tried to teach him leapfrog; and so on. None of the natives could keep up with the Scouts in these feats, because, while strong men, they were all muscle-bound.

If ever I wanted to raise the morale of a half-beaten army I'd sprinkle a few Boy Scouts among them. I don't believe there is a better tonic in the world than the presence of these lively youngsters.

Next day, I think it was, we had some curious visitors. Half a dozen young girls of the Ikoma tribe turned up unexpectedly to visit our camp. I can't say what sort of feminist movement made it possible for them to be traveling about the country

alone. They were about sixteen years old, inky black, full of the devil and quite at home with us the minute they arrived. Certainly the modern flapper has a worthy counterpart in British East Africa.

The girls had short hair and a yard of oily sheep-skin for a dress. Their manners were nothing to boast about, all of them being tomboys; yet they were not offensive. They seemed to be able to take care of themselves among my porters who were delighted with them.

I soon found that the object of the girls' visit was to sell peanuts. Every day my porters came to me for shillings with which to buy from the girls who must have cheated them cruelly; for when I checked up I found that the total drawn by my men was over a hundred shillings, or enough to buy about all the peanuts in the country at regular jungle rates. As soon as I put a check on these advances the girls became sulky and left.

On the next day after the girls moved on we fell in with a group of wandering Masai. They were a wild, almost-naked, well-armed lot. They were annoying because I felt they would disturb the tranquillity that reigned among our animal friends in Lion Valley. But the Scouts, as usual, were soon conversing with them in a smattering of Swahili.

I had another sample of the Boy Scout's efficiency in woodcraft when we ran into a big bunch of ba-

boons one afternoon down near the Guremetti River. Doug spotted the animals when they flitted across our path and hid in some bushes at the foot of a nearby donga.

"Let's catch one!" he cried, and started off when I nodded.

Dave and Dick were after him the next moment.

Like the old-fashioned redskin of the western plains the three boys worked around and skillfully stalked their quarry. Our Waccoma guide and Bukari saw the fun in the chase and got my permission to join in.

When the Scouts and the two blacks had the baboons surrounded, Doug had them bewilder the animals by yelling. Then he jumped into the bushes and caught a baboon with his bare hands. Quite a trick, when one considers that these were thoroughly wild animals.

Doug got pretty badly bitten in the excitement, but he emerged with a frightened baboon yelling its head off. He took his pet back to camp in a petrol box and set about taming him. But he had his hands full. And I think we were all relieved when the captive chewed his rope through that night and rejoined his jungle brothers.

When the time came for us to say goodbye to Dave, Dick and Doug, Osa and I realized what they had meant to us in brightening up the routine of our

work. It was one of the thousands of goodbyes we have had in our wandering life that we really felt.

If we were sorry to see them leave, our porters seemed much more so. After all, our black men were just boys at heart, and the Scouts had given them a new flavor in life.

Dick says he is going to be a diplomat when he grows up. (He is one now.) Dave is going to be a lawyer. (He can argue pretty effectively already.) Doug will be a doctor. (He has just the personality for a successful one.) But whatever they are, I bet my bottom dollar those three lads are going to succeed. And if they are the kind of men our Boy Scout Organization is turning out all over the United States, then we are making a great national mistake in not getting the whole U. S. Government behind it!

CHAPTER XVII

FEW things strike me so pitiable in nature as the blind herding movement of sheep or sheeplike beasts. Nor is it confined to the lower animals. Mankind also herds; and in so doing exhibits more than just his gregarious instinct. He shows his own servility to circumstance, drifting before adversity or convention as the silly sheep before the storm. Hence the waves of fashion; the violent swings of prejudice; ebullitions of the stock market; political moods; much religious fervor; and certainly war. Only when we have learned to create the individual by our education, instead of a colloidal mass, shall we really begin to accelerate the betterment of the race.

Towards the end of our stay we found that we had taken so many lion pictures that we began to wonder what we should ever do with them.

Osa said: "Let's try our hand at something else."

So I got out paper and pencil and made a list of the pictures we should like to get—things that we had seen animals do but had never caught with the

camera. As the list, when finished, had mostly to do with jackals and hyenas and the smaller buck, we decided we had better move for a week or two to an appropriate spot of which we knew. It lay among some big rocks where we could set up a temporary camp and go seriously about the new business.

We ordered the cars packed next morning and early on the following day we started. As the distance was not great we reached our new location and were comfortably settled by noon. From our camp we could see for miles across the grassy plains. Forty miles away lay the gigantic cone of Ngorongoro, the greatest extinct volcano in the world. Other than that massive landmark and a range of hills to its west which were separated from it by a shallow valley ten miles or so wide, nothing was visible save the endless veldt. The lowland was covered with waving grass which now had reached its growth and was beginning to turn yellow in the rays of the equatorial sun.

From our camp the whole world, save for Ngorongoro and the range of hills, seemed to be an almost level grassy plain. Yet we knew, from having crossed those "level" plains before, that between our camp and the huge crater there lay not less than forty dongas, some of them well wooded and reeded, wherein thousands of animals might, at any given time, be hidden from us.

After lunch we went out in the big touring car for a look over the new country. We started out in high spirits. But within an hour our hopes faded out. We had come to this place only because on our last visit the game had been plentiful. Now it seemed to have vanished. Half a dozen topi were all we saw in seven or eight miles.

It is hard to make oneself admit that one has guessed badly. We drove on through the tall grass where it would have been next to impossible to photograph any animals even if we had found them. We didn't find them, of course; for any cats and hyenas and jackals in the vicinity would have had no difficulty in hiding from us in such a growth. The plains animals, when alone or in small herds, do not like tall grass because of the danger from carnivores.

We wound in and out through the grass, growing more and more pessimistic as we went. Finally, having driven ten miles without seeing anything worthy of mention, we decided to go back. When we stopped for a moment for one last look Osa suddenly pointed to some sort of low dark growth that seemed to cover the plain for miles. I had not noticed it before she called it to my attention.

"I never saw all those small bushes before," she remarked, staring intently ahead of her. Then, all at once, her doubt left her and she seized my arm.

"Martin," she cried, "*I believe it's game!*"

I laughed at her. What she saw covered many square miles. In my most superior manner I got out my glasses in order to show her just how wrong she was. But before I was focussed she had hers out. So dumbfounded were both of us at what we saw that for minutes we could not say a word. We weren't even certain that we could believe our eyes. We just sat there tongue-tied for at least five minutes. Then, with our hearts beating at double time from excitement, we started the motor and drove at break-neck speed through the grass and over the grass-hidden hummocks and rocks in the direction of the "growth." For almost four miles we drove toward that amazing sight, not stopping until it was only a few hundred yards distant.

It was game. And there, right before us, was the front line. But such a line!

At least ten million head of zebra and wildebeeste covered the veldt for miles in front of us!

I realize perfectly how exaggerated that statement may appear. Except for the fact that I spent an hour trying to reach some figure that might approximate the size of that incredible herd I never would think of putting my estimate down. First, Osa and I worked like mad for half an hour with every camera and every lens. Then, with some inadequate pictures of the extraordinary sight, I tried to make my

estimate of the size of the herd. At first we guessed twenty million; but we knew that that was merely a guess. So I set up my five-by-seven Graflex camera on a tripod. Then I took its ground glass out and with my pencil marked the surface off in squares. With the glass back in place once more I focussed the camera on the extreme left of the migration and counted the animals in the first square. I multiplied the result by the number of squares I had drawn. Then I moved the camera until it was focussed on the next section of the herd to the right—on animals I had not counted. By this method, in an hour's time, I reached my estimate of ten million. I honestly believe that there were more.

The front of that enormous herd was ten miles wide. And while we could see for thirty miles across the slopes of Ngorongoro, there were animals as far as this limit of visibility!

There were a number of remarkable things about that huge migration besides its size. The first was the geometrically straight line formed by the head of the column. It was like the vanguard of an advancing army. The whole width of that ten mile front was almost as straight as if the animals were toeing a line laid out by survey. Back of that line the animals were massed solidly; while ahead of it very few animals were to be seen. Furthermore,

throughout the whole of the enormous herd the animals were packed so close together that there were very few places where grass or earth could be seen. So dense were they that they reminded me of cattle in the pens of a big stockyard.

The herd was mostly made up of zebras and wildebeeste; yet the two were not mingled indiscriminately, as so often happens in smaller herds. The zebras led. All across that ten mile front, and for fully five miles back into the heart of the herd, were zebras, the brilliant sunlight reflecting from their white stripes until they seemed to be an undulating field of patterned white and black satin come to life in the heart of Africa.

Following the zebras, and massed tightly behind them, came the wildebeeste. They, too, had a sharp straight line of demarcation separating them from the leaders. Their mass abruptly turned the glistening white of the leaders into a seemingly endless field of black. On this black all detail was lost; and only the extent of the herd could be made out as it rose and fell over hills and through dongas until it passed from sight thirty miles away beyond the shoulder of Ngorongoro.

All during the remainder of the afternoon we moved along the front of that amazing herd. Not until sunset and the quick night of the equator drove us away did we stop photographing and observing.

Never before in our lives had we seen such a spectacle; never did we expect to see such a sight again.

It was with strangely mixed emotions that we drove toward camp. Marvelous pictures we had obtained, it is true; but we were not satisfied. What photographer ever is? Cameras have their limitations, especially in equatorial Africa, where distance pictures are almost impossible to obtain because of the shimmering heat waves. Many times I have observed scenes that would have made marvelous pictures; only to find, when I had exposed my film and developed it, that the heat waves had eliminated the distance views entirely. Thus it was with the great migration. We could see clearly for thirty miles, and the animals were massed in a solid column for all that distance; but the heat waves were there to sweep the light rays from the camera's eye.

Before dawn of the next day we had left camp once more. And when the sun rose from behind Ngorongoro, we were ready to take still more pictures of this strange phenomenon we had been so lucky as to intercept.

During the night the animals had advanced only about two miles. Still we could see the far-flung host as it progressed along the slope of the great crater. But now we were not content to move along the edge of the herd. Slowly we drove into it. The animals parted for a distance of a hundred yards

around us. We moved forward, taking pictures as we went. We dared not move rapidly or frighten the animals. Any sort of panic might stampede these millions, crushing our motor car and ourselves to jelly.

It took us four hours to pass through the first five miles of the migration. In all that time there were nothing but zebras about us. As the sun climbed higher and higher, heat waves shimmered and danced across the veldt. Dust kicked up by the millions of hoofs hung all about us until it seemed as if we were in the center of a misty world composed entirely of zebras.

The animals were not eating much grass. Yet, by the time we reached the first of the wildebeeste, the ground looked like a bare and trampled barnyard. There seemed to be nothing left to eat. When we passed through what had been shallow ponds we found them nothing but hoof-marked mud; not a drop of standing water left.

All day long we worked furiously. Still I was not getting the results that I wanted to get. The heat waves and the dust cut off our vision half a mile away. None of the game farther away than that was visible in any of the pictures we developed later.

We spent all day weaving in and out among the game, trying for positions of vantage and for favorable lighting effects. When dark came suddenly it caught us so intent upon our work that we were

several miles within the moving mass of animals. We had a tricky time getting out. But by turning and twisting, by driving almost blindly, we finally escaped and reached camp just before midnight.

Again we were up at dawn on the following morning. Knowing that the animals would pass near some alkali swamps that lay along the upper reaches of the Blanketti River, we decided that those swamps would be our field of action for the day. When we reached the herd it was moving past the swamp at a distance of almost three miles. But we knew that there would be a rush for water when the sun rose a little higher. So we waited.

The rush started about ten o'clock when one wildebeeste set off from the side of the migration at a run. He seemed to have caught the scent of water. No sooner had he started than tens of thousands of his mates followed. The earth shook to their galloping feet; and a tremendous cloud of dust rolled up behind, hiding the portion of the herd that was slow in starting.

We stopped our car at a water pan about two hundred yards across and about half a mile long. The water was hardly more than a foot or two deep and of a whitish, alkaline nature that seemed unfit for any creature to drink. But across its smooth surface I made some wonderful pictures as the animals came dashing toward us.

Fearful of what might happen if they should cross the pond, we drew the car up so as to face the rush. But the animals paid no attention to us. The first that reached the water tried to stop and drink; but those behind were not to be held back. At no time was there a pause. Those that reached the water first were forced to drink as they were being pushed across. If they hadn't had enough when they reached our side there was no going back for more.

Out beside us they came, hundreds of thousands of the long-faced crinkle-horned wildebeeste; while from behind still other thousands surged. Osa and I could not hear each other, even though we shouted. Every wildebeeste seemed bent on using his un-beautiful voice to the greatest possible extent.

"*Honk, honk, honk, honk,*" came from tens of thousands of throats. It sounded like nothing less than a hundred thousand old Ford cars honking at some slow car ahead. They brushed past our car in such numbers as almost to swamp us; but somehow we came through undamaged. All the while I was taking pictures as rapidly as I could, Osa following my example with all her strength.

A few zebras came our way, but only a very few. Most of them had gone beyond to another series of waterholes.

How long we stayed there I do not know; but it was 'until long after mid-day. When we finally left

to go to some other waterholes, the wildebeeste were still coming in seemingly endless numbers. But by that time every drop of water in the pond had gone. And at every other pond nearby the same condition prevailed. Throughout the rest of the day we had little variety. We were in the midst of countless thousands of pushing, honking wildebeeste, all pathetically frantic for water. It was only at nightfall that we managed to get away. By that time the herds had reached the outer swamps of the Blanketti River.

On the morning of the next day the migration had begun to scatter and we could drive between the herds. But for a week the plains were covered with innumerable zebras and wildebeeste. Following after the animals came Ndorobo natives, intent not only on getting meat but a good supply of wildebeeste tails, which bring good luck.

The first natives we saw in the wake of the herds were two big strapping fellows, both almost naked and armed with big bows. Their quivers were filled with about thirty arrows each, all the points of which were blackened with poison. They wanted to join us as guides, but we told them that we could not carry two. When they talked it over one decided to push on to some Masai camp while the other remained with us.

His name was Von Voola; probably one he had

taken, for he said he had been a guide for the Germans during the war. That he was keen enough we learned later, though at first we did not accept his information as infallible.

On the way back to camp that night he wanted us to pull up stakes and go to another valley. When I pointed out that the game had not yet reached our camp, Voola, as we called him, declared it would never come near our camp. My retort was that since the plains extended unbroken right up to the rocks among which we had pitched our tents and the grass there was perfect for grazing, he must be wrong. But he still insisted that the game would not come near us. We finally decided that he was lying in an effort to get us to move to his valley.

Bright and early the next morning we looked over the plains from the vantage point of our rocks. To our surprise the herds had split about five miles before our camp was reached. They went far to the right and to the left, and joined again, though widely scattered, five miles beyond us. Voola had been right!

It was a strange phenomenon. Why did this huge mass of game deliberately turn out of its way in order to avoid a beautiful section of the plain ten miles in diameter, where the grass was luxuriant and where there was water? We have no explanation to offer. Yet Voola had prophesied the movement in

advance. Later he told us that that identical thing had happened in that identical place every year since he was a small boy. He knew it of his own experience; for he had annually followed this migration in order to collect wildebeeste tails which he and others of his tribe sold to the Kavarondo tribe.

So enormously interested had we been in the movement of the zebras and the wildebeeste that we had not stopped to wonder what might be coming next. Suddenly one morning, we began to see thousands and thousands of Thompson's gazelles. Soon we had nothing about us but huge numbers of these happy, graceful, little tail-wagging animals. There is not a more appealing creature in all Africa than the "Tommy." It would almost seem from the enormous activity he centers in his tail, that he would switch it clear off. Never, under any circumstances, is it motionless for a minute so long as the animal is awake.

Now, with the coming and the scattering of the Tommies, the great migration had passed, and we had an opportunity to look into its causes. For a month our inquiries were constant. Finally, we ran into an old-timer, named Ray, who had prospected all over that country for twenty years. He had once seen the migration from the same point that we had accidentally chosen. Knowing the country in every direction roundabout, he was able

to figure out why the herds split there. Here is his explanation:

To the east of the point at which we had first seen the migration lie the Highlands of the Great Craters with the extinct volcano of Ngorongoro forming the western-most tip of these Highlands. From this huge volcano the land drops rapidly away to the west, where there lies a broad level valley about ten miles wide. To the west of this valley, again, a range of hills rises and sweeps far on to the west.

The valley at the foot of Ngorongoro forms the only natural connecting link between the great Athi and Serengeti Plains of Kenya Colony, which lie to the north; and the equally great Loita and Tanganyika Serengeti Plains which lie to the south.

Annually the game of the widespreading Athi and Kenya Serengeti Plains follow the grass and water to the south, gradually being crowded together by the high land on each side of the valley I have described until they enter its restricted limits as water poured into a funnel enters the narrow neck below. Here, in a limited space, are crowded all the migrating animals that normally inhabit many thousands of square miles of territory. For two or three days they push through this "bottle-neck" together. As soon as they reach the well-watered and grassy plains of Tanganyika they again scatter over thousands of square miles of territory. The

point of dispersion happened to be just above our camp.

That this migration is an annual affair seems to be true; although it is possible that the numbers making up the 1928 migration were greater than normal. Or, possibly, instead of being greater it may be that the migration was less extended in point of time than usual; that, by accident, the animals reached us in a shorter period.

It seems to be true, also, that the northward movements of the animals are made by small groups. We were unable to learn from any one of a northward migration similar to the southward one that we observed.

Even after the great migration had split up into herds we followed them around. One day, after Osa had had a narrow escape from a nasty-tempered buffalo, we saw a new phase of the migration.

We were again out in our car trying to get back to camp. But our progress was slow, for every few minutes we had to stop in order to let thousands of wildebeeste rush past. The zebras had moved on; but the plains were still alive with wildebeeste. Whenever a big herd of the creatures started across our trail we simply had to stop. The dust was so bad that we could not see to drive; and at times we actually could not see each other. Our faces always looked as if we were a party of chimney sweeps. Our

clothing, too, was as dirty as if we had been rolling in the dust. Every crack and crevice in the car was filled with dust. It was impossible to make pictures and I had been forced to wrap cameras and lenses in tarpaulins in order to keep the dust from ruining my most important photographic equipment.

As we emerged from the dust clouds of the wildebeeste stampedes and neared camp, we saw a group of Wacomma tribesmen hunting. We stopped to watch them before they saw us.

Two groups of eight men each had separated a quarter of a mile ahead of us. One group went along a donga on a trail that paralleled ours, creeping past a herd of about five hundred wildebeeste. They were well hidden from the wildebeeste; but from our point of vantage we could see both hunters and hunted.

While this group was creeping around to get behind the herd, the other group spread out like soldiers on a skirmish line until they were separated by intervals of about a hundred yards. The latter stooped low and crept through the grass until they were within a few hundred yards of the front of the herd they had chosen. Having reached their tactical position they lay down in the grass, where they were completely hidden.

In the meantime, the other group had worked around behind the herd. Now they began to walk

slowly forward, driving the animals toward the men who were hidden in the grass. The advance from behind was slow, for the natives had no desire to stampede the herd. In fact, the driving was done so carefully that the wildebeeste showed no signs of excitement whatever.

When the herd reached the hidden men, the latter sprang to their feet and shot arrow after arrow into the air. So bewildered were the wildebeeste that each archer was able to release four or five arrows each before the herd began to stampede. The arrows, after soaring high into the air, turned and dropped towards the backs of the surprised animals. But, so far as we could see, not one of the animals fell. Apparently, it wasn't the idea to kill them outright. But since the arrows were poisoned, after many hours—sometimes as much as three or four days—the wounded animals would die.

The natives did not even follow the animals, but drew together and talked over the hunt. Suddenly, they saw us, whereupon they stampeded just as abruptly as the wildebeeste had. Why they did so I do not know, for they had been breaking no laws. The Tanganyika government permits them to hunt with their own weapons.

For two weeks following this we saw scores of Waccoma hunting by this method. When we found a few who were not afraid of us we asked them how

long it took the poison to kill the animals. Their stories varied; but all agreed that the animals struck would not die for several hours at the least.

One day a Waccoma came to us and pleaded with us to kill some animal or other for him to eat. He said that he had had no food for several days. When we asked him why he did not use his bow and arrows he said that one man alone almost never succeeded in killing an animal.

These natives do not shoot for meat alone. When wildebeeste are killed the meat is secondary. They are after the tails of these animals, which they sell to other tribes. The Kavarondo tribe is the best market for these trophies. Wildebeeste tails form an important part of the fantastic costumes used by this tribe in their dances. There are other uses, however, to which the tails are put. Other natives use them as "fly swatters," although I have never actually seen them used to kill flies. Many carry them merely for "swank," as Europeans carry canes. Our own boys bought some of these tails for four shillings each; an enormous price, considering the fact that almost anything else they need or want costs but a few pence.

We followed the herds over the plains until they had largely melted away. We couldn't bring ourselves to leave first. Many sights that we have seen in Africa still impress us as being unique; but for

drama, for power, for sustained excitement, no other experience that we have ever had approached those hectic days that we spent on the fringes and in the heart of the ten million zebras and wildebeeste that made up the great migration of 1928.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE traveller returned empty-handed, but he had a great story to tell. Could he but have illustrated that story, how much more effective it would have been. . . .

The sad day came when we folded up our tents and went home: home to Nairobi, thence by ship to New York. With us we took many happy memories; but the most cherished trophy of our life among the lions was our collection of photographs we had taken.

Certainly nothing one can tell about his adventures can be as interesting as it should be unless he has pictures to help out the story. What could be more entertaining than a pictorial record starting with the ship, then the passing out of the port, and finally the succession of places and peoples he visits on the way? There must come the arrival at the destination, the trip inland, preparing for the safari, personnel of the party, scenery, camp-life, animals, natives and so on.

To me it seems a great shame for anyone to take a trip into the tropics without adequate photographic equipment. I have seen so many amateur outfits

not suitable for the tropics, that I should like to be of help in suggesting a proper one.

Of course I run the risk of seeming to advertise certain commercial products; and I shall probably open myself to severe criticism on the part of those who happen to make or use articles which I do not happen to use. I can only say that I offer information about my own equipment for what it is worth; and that I receive no emolument directly or indirectly for so doing.

First I will dispose of the still cameras. I have found the best all-around camera for the tropics to be the Home Portrait Graflex 5 x 7. It comes equipped with 12-inch Kodak Anastigmat f.4.5 lens and focal plane shutter. I recommend this camera with lenses of 10-inch, 12-inch and 17-inch focus. With this camera one should take a dozen extra plate holders, carrying case, Wratten K-1 and K-2 filters.

I have found the Eastman D. C. Orthocromatic plate the best for all around use. It has excellent keeping qualities. Also it is double-coated with a slow emulsion at the bottom and a fast emulsion on top. It is good when lights and shadows are very contrastive; or for photographing where halation would be bad in any ordinary plate. It has good color values and gives fine results with the Wratten screens for cloud effects and to cut out haze in the distance. Without the color filters the speed is the

same as an ordinary Kodak roll film. I find that large-dimension rolls or film packs are not so good in the tropics because they have a tendency to buckle. I refer to any size above 4×5 or $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.

If 5×7 is larger than a person desires, then the Revolving Back Auto Graflex, fitted with lenses and Wratten filters is a good bet. Film packs and roll film can be used with safety on a camera of this size. The Graflex is especially good because with it one can get a perfect focus when using long focus lenses. It is hard to guess distances when using a lens of over 7-inch focal length. I would always use the shortest focal length lens when photographing scenery, natives, around camp, etc. When going after game I would always have the longest focal length lens handy or already in the camera.

The two cameras above allow the most in getting good wild animal results. For a good all around camera for the pocket, to make safari scenes and camp scenes, natives and all things that can be photographed close up, I have found the 1A Eastman Kodak good. It has a lens of short focal length, which allows for bad guessing in distances. In fact it is almost universal focus; and it makes clean sharp pictures that can be enlarged to any size.

One precaution is very necessary: never leave a roll of film in the kodak longer than you have to in damp weather, during rains, in damp swamps, or on

the salt water in the tropics. In dry weather you may leave the film in the camera longer if you choose; but it is not economy to leave film too long. Six exposure rolls are so cheap that you can carry a lot with you.

Although the manufacturers do not recommend it, I think roll film should be placed back in the metal tins where possible. In dry weather sealing the film protects it from moisture in case it should rain before you can develop. In damp weather place the tin over the fire and warm it well; warm the roll of film and seal quickly. Where the new lead containers are used I open very carefully with my knife and then tape the top on again after exposure.

Kodak films can now be developed anywhere on earth. Of course it is best that you have your developing done as quickly as possible. In Nairobi four or five photographers do excellent developing. In Mombasa I found one good developer and three poor ones. In Port Said there are about two dozen who, I think, do their developing in a bath tub. Their work is not acceptable.

A safe thing to do to make sure of getting the best work is to look for a Kodak branch. They are now in almost every city of any size. If none can be found, look around for the store with the best photographic display. Any store dealing with exclusive photographic material should be safe. But don't

leave your work in the average drug store or shop just because they have a sign out saying developing and printing is done.

I find now that I can develop plates and films in the field or at home; and I never use a quick tropical developer or patent hardeners. I always carry canvas water chargols, canvas bags that hold about six gallons each. I generally have a dozen with me and keep six in use all the time. They rot in about six months. Mine have faucets in them; but this is not absolutely necessary.

I fill the chargols in the evening with the best water I can get, and hang them in a place where they get a free circulation of air. I am up at four-thirty in the morning and do my developing before sunrise. I am always finished by seven o'clock.

Now for the movie cameras. I use both Bell & Howell and Akeley professional 35 mm. cameras. Both are good; and each has a few advantages that the other has not. For instance, the Akeley has the wonderful panoramic and tilting device that is great for following animals. Its matched lenses allow the operator to see exactly the picture he is getting, with the advantage of focusing while he is operating. On the other hand the Bell & Howell has the wonderful lens turret that allows any one of four different lenses of different focal length to be used at a second's notice. Also it has the advantage

of large magazines that allow one to use 400-foot or larger rolls of film.

Another little camera that I highly recommend is the Bell & Howell Eyemo. It uses 100-foot rolls of film that are daylight loading. The Eastman Kodak Company also makes a daylight container that is placed in the camera until the loading is finished. I used these new containers and was able to get to the last inch of the 100-feet in perfect film.

I recommend that after the traveler's outfit has been made up he has a small padded suit case made for the lenses and color filters, instead of trying to carry them in the carrying cases with the cameras. They will be easier to get at and run less chance of scratching.

When you go to the tropics don't be stingy: buy lots of film and plates and change often. Also ship for development as fast as you can. I like my sensitized materials shipped to me by parcel post. My agent sends my material every two months. It is quicker; and, strange as it may seem, it is cheaper; for where material goes by freight there is so much cartage, terminal handling, wharfage, customs house brokers, fees, etc., that it amounts to a lot of nuisance; while by parcel post all one has to do is to go to the post office and get the package. You get it as quickly as you would a letter.

Just a line or two on making pictures in the tropics.

At sea level in the tropics the atmosphere is generally very clear and the shadows are perfect for photography. As a rule you need a faster exposure there than in temperate climates. But in the big game country of Africa the heat waves slow up your exposure.

We will say that in America on an average sunlit day you would give an exposure of $1/100$ th of a second with stop 8. In Cairo or Port Said or Mombasa you would perhaps think the light conditions, etc., were the same as in America. But to get a perfect negative under conditions that were seemingly the same you should make an exposure of $1/125$ th of a second with stop 8; or, as most kodaks and cameras don't have $1/125$ th of a second in the shutter, you would get the same effect by giving an exposure of $1/100$ th and stop between 8 and 11. Under what seemed to you the same conditions in the Big Game country of Africa you would give $1/75$ th of a second with stop 8.

In British East Africa the best results are obtained by making your pictures between eight and ten-thirty in the morning and between two-thirty and five in the evening. After ten-thirty in the morning and until two-thirty in the afternoon the shadows are very bad and your pictures will not have good definition. This is especially true of photographing natives. Personally I try not to use the middle

of the day hours unless I see something that I can't get at any other time. Before eight in the morning and after five in the evening the light in the big game country is generally very yellow, though your eyes may not detect it. Good results can be obtained, however, by giving more exposure.

Panchromatic film now has good keeping qualities. It is excellent for use with Wratten filters. It is faster than ordinary film in the early morning and late evening without a filter, for the panchromatic properties make the film work fast in yellow light. After eight o'clock and up to five in the evening the Panchromatic film is no faster than ordinary Par Speed film and your pictures will not be any better than the Par Speed negatives unless you use the color screen.

If you have had much experience with Panchromatic film in America, it is a fine film to take to Africa. But unless you have become used to it I don't recommend it.

In the tropics during the rains keep your photographic material and cameras in a very dry place. Moisture slows up Graflex shutters and ruins sensitized material quickly. I use cedar wood chests for everything. Cedar repels moisture and insects. The officers' metal safari boxes are all right if they are kept out of the sun; their rubber gaskets keep all air from the insides of the boxes.

Don't allow your moving picture films to be developed by anyone not properly fitted for the work. I refer especially to the professional movie film, 35, mm. size. There is a lot of cheap pin rack apparatus on the market and many photographic laboratories put it in and attempt to develop film. They get poor results. If you go to the trouble and expense of buying a good camera outfit and making good pictures, have them developed only by a professional in deep tanks.

By buying a good camera outfit and good material in the way of films or plates, taking pains in exposures, guarding against moisture and getting your films and plates developed as quickly as possible, you will get good results. But it must be remembered that photography requires more pains in the tropics than in temperate zones.

Be careful in using long focus lenses. Heat waves are very trying in the Big Game country. Don't think for a minute that because you have long focus lenses you can photograph at long distances. When heat waves are bad it is almost impossible to get a clear sharp picture at distances over one hundred yards. However, with care and study of the animals I have found that I can always get animals at closer than one hundred yards and lions often at thirty feet. On the movie cameras I think my six-inch lenses give me the best all around results on animals.

While the twelve-inch gave me best results on the Graflex.

If the atmosphere is hazy use color filters, though you should make tests to get your exposures correct. I can't help much in this respect, for color filters cause a very wide range of exposure with varying conditions.

If you can afford it, an expensive camera will in the long run more than pay for itself in the permanent pleasure its results will give you.

THE END



206

Date Due

AUG

5



SK
305
L5
J6
1929a

SK	
305	
L5	3206
J6	
AUTHOR	1929a Johnson
TITLE	Lion: African adventure with King of beasts
DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME

SK
305
Johnson
L5
Lion
1929a

3206

WINGATE JUNIOR COLLEGE

WINGATE COLLEGE LIBRARY
BOOK SK305.L6 J63 1929 STAX
John Henry Mears, African adventure with the king of beasts.



3 1896 00059 0152